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The Week

IT IS impossible at this distance to do more than guess as to the seriousness of the revolution which has broken out in Mexico. As we go to press, it is reported that General Serrano has been captured and executed, but this report is not confirmed. The fact that some troops from Mexico City have thrown in their lot with Generals Gomez and Serrano is not in itself important; a few troops can be persuaded to support any cause, in Mexico, and most of the federal army undoubtedly remains loyal to the Calles government, or to General Obregon, who is its strongest supporter. The Gomez-Serrano junta derives its strongest support from the Catholic Church, from dispossessed landlords, and other elements dissatisfied with the Obregon-Calles reforms —among which, it has been charged, American capitalists with investments in Mexico are included. The Gomez-Serrano platform was summarized in the New Republic some time ago; and we think our readers will agree that it would be a tragedy for the Mexican people if they came into power, and a double one if, because of their ambitions, that unhappy country is again plunged into a bath of blood.

PRESIDENT Coolidge is thinking seriously of attending the International Conference of American States which meets in Havana next January. There, in the presence of all Latin America's Foreign Ministers, he would make a conciliatory speech, disavowing any imperialistic intentions on the part of the United States. The Washington government is alarmed at the growing hostility toward us in Central and South America, which is beginning to be reflected in our trade figures, and would seek thus to offset it. President Coolidge's intention is an excellent one, if he means to accompany it by a real change in those governmental policies which have provoked Latin-American resentment. But if he means to give them words without works, he had better stay at home. The Southern republics are quite intelligent enough to notice the difference, if we preach friendship and practise domination.

THERE seems to be a general disposition among friends and foes alike sharply to criticize Colonel Roosevelt for his rough attack on Governor Smith at the Republican State Convention. The critics insist with a great deal of truth that an onslaught of this kind probably hurts the Republicans more than it hurts its supposed victim. Yet we cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy for Colonel Roosevelt, not on account of the terms of his denunciation, but on account of his predicament as a keynote Republican speaker in Smith-ridden New York State. What is a fighting Republican politician to talk about in his speeches? He can, of course, accuse the Governor of extravagance in running the business of the state, but he is well aware that, in any discussion of state administrative policy, he does not stand a chance with Al Smith. If he is to make a fighting speech, he must look for his political melodrama elsewhere, and he is practically obliged to fall back on the association of Al Smith with Tammany Hall and a state Democratic machine which is by no means free from graft. It is old stuff, but

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politicians are the most conservative of people. There was a time when the kind of denunciation which Colonel Roosevelt showered upon the Governor formed the regular stock-in-trade of every Republican critic of a Tammany office-holder. Why not try it out again?

ELSEWHERE in this issue we deal with some of the reasons why this kind of campaigning is no longer effective. The average voter of today is at once less Republican or Democratic, and more cynical and more easily imposed upon, than he used to be. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that while he is less narrowly partisan than formerly, he is also less likely to be independent, and if he is imposed upon, it is by a different kind of appeal. He is enormously impressed by official prestige, and he is indisposed to overthrow by his vote a successful going concern. That the successful political business should involve a certain amount of graft does not cause him any compunction. He is accustomed to the smell of graft, and he doubts whether any public, and most any private, business can be conducted without it. He discounts or ignores accusations of corruption and votes usually in order to make sure that the little sons of success continue to succeed. In New York this state of mind works in favor of Al Smith. It enables the Governor to sit tight and allow the Republicans to charge him in vain with all kinds of crimes and faults. He knows well enough the impotence of such tirades to cut away the advantage of his own position. The dealers in political invective are shouting at an electorate which does not take political denunciation or controversy seriously, and is fairly hypnotized by actual achievements in business and politics. A body of voters which allowed the Republicans to escape without penalty from the corruption of the Harding administration is not likely to bother much about the petty graft which goes with government by Tammany Hall.

IN campaigning for President, however, this disposition of the American voter to prefer success, and to identify success with power as it is exercised, will work against Governor Smith rather than in his favor. In one essential respect the tactics which underlay Colonel Roosevelt's denunciatory speech were extremely doubtful. If he was trying by his melodramatics to hammer Al Smith's necessary effort to transfer his popularity from New York State to the whole country, he was going about it in the wrong way. In the presidential campaign, Al Smith must play the aggressor, whose business it is somehow to dramatize an issue and stage a fight. The Republicans can afford, so far as his presidential candidacy is concerned, to stand pat and defy him to attack effectively. He has not, of course, started anything of the kind. He is still playing a waiting game which is helping him to win the Democratic nomination but which may diminish its value after he gets it. He cannot elect himself against a strong Republican candidate by keeping still and asking the Republicans to make the issue. The Republicans do not need an issue. Their candidate will reap the advantage of the existing inertia and complacency of American opinion. It is enough for them to promise to the American voter more of the same. The Democratic candidate must, on the contrary, convince them of the desirability of taking a chance on a change and, at best, he will have to be very able, very lucky and very aggressive in order to succeed. The Governor has not so far faced this necessity. He is running for the nomination on his record, on his personal popularity with the foreign vote, on the weakness of his Democratic opponents and on the sheer momentum of his own career. If he is nominated, he will have to change his tactics, but it will then probably be too late. The Republicans would be wise not to advertise attacks upon it or the man by attacking the politician. It is Governor Smith's difficult task to discover and popularize an issue on which he can challenge Republican rule. The Republicans can afford to stick to their knitting until they find out what the issue is.

THE New Republic publishes this week an account of the shocking brutality exhibited by Pennsylvania state police toward miners at Cheswick, near Pittsburgh, who sought to hold a public meeting on August 22, the day Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Mr. Don Brown, the author, points out that his account of what happened differs widely from that which appeared in all but one of the Pittsburgh newspapers, and from that sent out by the press associations. The orthodox account consisted, practically, of the fact that a state trooper had been killed "while assisting in breaking up a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting." (We quote one of the least sensational versions.) It told how "a crowd started to gather and Private Downey [the trooper who was killed] ordered the men to disperse. There was an inclination to disregard the order, and in attempting to move the men, Downey is said to have pushed one of them, whereupon this man pulled a revolver and shot Downey twice." Mr. Brown says, on the contrary, that the killing of Downey took place some time after the crowd had been very effectively dispersed by the police, using tear-gas bombs and clubs against unresisting, peaceable individuals; that Downey, swaggering down a road and using his club freely on anyone he could reach, beat one man across the knees and over the head until he doubled up in agony. Downey was then shot by his victim under conditions which have at least a strong suggestion of self-defense. If Mr. Brown is right, all the newspaper men, except the representatives of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, ignored at least half of the story and were wrong about the other half; and Mr. Brown's version is supported by the verbatim testimony of numerous eye-witnesses and participants—testimony which,

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since his article was written, has been put into the form of a series of sworn affidavits. We believe he is correct, and that the failure of the press to give a fair account of what happened, typical of many similar failures at various times and in many cities, is one of the most serious aspects of the whole affair. Violations of civil liberty are common enough; policemen in the role of strike-breakers are common enough. But the press is the eyes of the public. If it refuses to see what happens, we are in a bad way. And journalism cannot justify itself by arguing—although there may be a measure of truth in the defense—that even when the facts are made known, the public is sluggish in its response, and especially when the victims of injustice are far away, geographically or socially.

IN part, this lamentable failure of journalism is the result of its bad technical organization. The newspapers get their first, and often their only, information, in a case of this sort, from the police themselves. Reporters at police headquarters write, or dictate over the telephone, news stories based on what the officers tell them. The press association representatives pick up the stories from the advance proof sheets of the local papers which subscribe to their services. Thus the false or misleading statement of a police sergeant is likely, in the course of the normal routine, to be distributed without investigation to 2,500 newspapers and a possible maximum of 35,000,000 readers. If the story seems of exceptional importance, reporters are sent to the scene to make an investigation; but here, also, their first and easiest source of information is the police; and in a place like Cheswick, the average reporter's sense of Nordic superiority, his middle-class lack of sympathy with foreign-born miners, the language difficulty, all conspire to prevent his getting at such facts as those which Mr. Brown ferreted out.

EVEN if the reporter is conscientious and gives all the facts to his paper, they may be suppressed by his superiors, through bad editorial judgment or through fear of offending that close corporation of men of wealth which owns mines where striking workers have been employed, banks where newspapers borrow money, and department stores which advertise. And finally, if the local paper does print the truth, the press association representative is under the temptation to tone it down before he puts it on the wire. It is controversial; the victims are, presumably, immigrants (always unpopular) and the aggressors policemen (always entitled to the benefit of the doubt). He sees only trouble made if he dumps all this into a thousand newspaper offices. Just how far these several intangible factors operated in the present case, we are unable to say; but we know that they are always at work, in Pittsburgh and every other city; and that they constitute one of the most sinister facts about American journalism today.

A Look toward the Presidential Campaign

THE presidential campaign of 1928 has begun, or is about to begin. The conventions of both the major parties will probably pick their nominees from candidates who are already frankly or furtively proposing themselves for the office of President, and these candidates have already indicated the routes whereby they will try to reach the White House. Surprises in the shape of new candidates or new issues may, to be sure, break out before the votes are counted, but such intrusions are improbable. Unless some unexpected and portentous event happens, the scenery of the play is already set. The characters are already stalking the stage or peeking out of the wings. Their performance is not shaping up as a tragedy, or a melodrama, or the *tour de force* of some star performer, or a dramatic debate or a comedy of conflicting characters. It is destined to be in part a comedy of intrigue, in part a comedy of circumstances and manners, and in part a burlesque. It will be the essence of the show for the players to take themselves and their performance seriously, and so will the larger part of the audience. Yet there will, we hope, be an alert minority on the stage and off who will see the propriety, if the play is really to succeed, of being good-humoredly detective of the absurdities and the ironies which will stick out of the utterances, the grimaces and the antics of the people on the stage.

Consider for a moment the layout of the play and the advance notices of the players. The politicians are maneuvering to select the nominees for two parties which, theoretically, are supposed to present alternative policies and sharply contrasted candidates to the American voters. But there are no facts which correspond to the theory. The Democrats, during the last three years, have not opposed any of the more important policies either of the administration or of the Republican leaders in Congress. They have coöperated with the Republicans in reducing the supertaxes on large incomes, and they refused to take any part in the vigorous protests against President Coolidge's policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. The Democratic opposition is entirely devoid either of a program or of a leadership which a reasonable voter would prefer to the record of Republican rule, or distinguish from it. Its members differ more sharply among themselves than they do from the Republicans.

The opposition to Republican rule, which, during the past few years, has found expression in Congress or in the country, has been engineered by progressives of both parties, but chiefly Republicans, who objected to the domination of the government by Mr. Mellon and his big-business satellites. But this progressive dissent, which has been fairly aggressive in Congress and elsewhere, will count for less than usual in relation to the presidential campaign.

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During every previous election since 1896, one prominent candidate in one party has asked the voters to support him chiefly as a progressive, but in the present campaign the only group which is presenting a candidate and which even pretends to be progressive is the "dry" Democrats, and its progressivism is confined, apparently, to a demand for the enforcement of the Volstead Act and for the passage of legislation similar to the McNary-Haugen Bill. It is this very group whose spokesmen in Congress have failed during the past few years to combat the class tendencies or the inertia of Republican rule. The real progressives cannot, in 1928, find comfort or shelter in any existing national political organization, and after their past failures to organize a national machine, they despair of starting a party of their own.

The campaign of 1928 has begun without even a plausible attempt by any candidate of either party to parade a national issue or initiate a conflict of programs. The foregoing statement would, indeed, not be wholly true of ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. He is the spokesman within the Republican party of the agricultural discontent in the West, and he is trying to commit the Republicans to a particular legislative act which is intended to balance the existing tariff subsidy to industry with an equally effective subsidy to the producers of certain agricultural staples. But this issue is purely sectional, and the remedy which is proposed is special and lacks contagious power. Naturally it does not provoke much interest among progressives in the Middle West and the East. Instead of radically and courageously confronting the reign of class privilege in American industry, it merely confers new and doubtful privileges upon one class of farmers. For these and other reasons, the campaign, as it develops, will blunt the political edge of the agrarian discontent. A faction within a party which seeks to force a sectional issue of this kind on a national election can succeed only by threatening, in the event of failure, to bolt, and by being able and willing to carry out the threat. But neither the discontented farmers of today nor their leaders are willing in this respect to follow the example of the former Populists. They are not morally or intellectually prepared to do anything radical. In the end they will probably be placated by some small concession, or else disregarded by the Republicans of the other states. With the help of the cotton states, they will embarrass the Republican machine in Congress this winter, but when the convention meets, they will be subdued by the need of party unity. Although they may control enough delegates to prevent the nomination of a Republican candidate who is irreconcilably opposed to the McNary-Haugen Bill, they will not project the issue of price protection for farmers into the forefront of the campaign or force the American people to vote for or against it on election day.

Apart from Lowden as the spokesman of agricultural discontent, all the candidates of all their parties are running on their records rather than on any projection of a program. There was a time when candidates for the nomination in both parties took every opportunity of telling the American people what they were thinking about and what, as President, they intended to favor or oppose. They sought to enlighten the voters on the political controversies of the day and to identify themselves with some particular way of dealing with them. Such is no longer the case. Practically every candidate of both parties is, so far as possible, trying to earn the presidency by posing as the exact imitation of a clam. Either they will not admit that they are candidates, or they are candidates who propose to be nominated by cultivating obscurity and silence. They conceive utterances about political issues only as possible mistakes which may lose votes, advertised policies as provocations to opposition, campaigning as maneuvering in the dark for position, and the American voter as a person who prefers to have something put over on him rather than to be reasoned with and convinced. Verily the days of Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette and Wilson, who had a message or a faith to communicate to the American people, are over. The candidate of today is waiting on circumstances and trying to take advantage of them. If he can, by good luck and good management, engineer the right combination of support at the right time, he will be nominated. In the meanwhile, any parade of opinions or projects is an exhibition of political ineptitude. The Democrats of New York have just loyally refused to "embarrass" Al Smith by telling the American people what he stands for in national politics. The candidate must choose between getting delegates and betraying opinions.

Since this characteristic is substantially true of all the candidates of both parties, it is obviously the product of some fundamental trait of the United States of today in which it differs from the United States of yesterday. For the time being in American politics, discussion is wholly subordinated to action, and experimentation to existing practice. From 1896 until the War, the ordinary American was politically inquisitive. He was willing to question whether the traditional political and economic system would continue to work unless he consented to certain radical changes in the older methods of distributing wealth and power among the various classes. The "muckraking" period had, apparently, liberated him from the combination of optimism, fatalism and conservatism which was characteristic of his state of mind during the last decades of the nineteenth century. The appearance was deceptive. He has again become suspicious of the use of intelligence or leadership in politics except dogmatically for the purpose of keeping things as they are. He feels himself part of a vast political and economic machine which doubtless has its faults, but which is working well enough for him. He is usually

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cynical about many products of this machine, but he will not listen to its critics. He is consciously hostile to proposed changes, and he looks askance at men with restless, discursive and original minds. His idea of a useful intellect is one like President Coolidge's, which sets out on phantom journeys over main-traveled roads without, paradoxically enough, ever really moving from its point of departure.

It is the smooth administration of existing activities which, for the time being, is binding together the parts of the American commonwealth, rather than the adjustment one to another of the interests and the purposes of its classes and peoples. Good Americans form part of a machine which is wound up to go indefinitely and automatically. It ought to be manned by capable engineers, but by studying the original plan they can learn all they need to know about its proper operation. Although it needs, of course, to be cleaned, polished, oiled and repaired, it cannot be radically changed much without being destroyed. The captain of the ship, that is, the President of the United States, takes his orders either from the original design or the resolutions of his directors. The ship is what it is and orders are orders. The President is merely an administrator. Leadership is not required of him except, perhaps, in a dangerous emergency. He cannot recommend himself for the office by proclaiming that the ship is not as well designed as it is cracked up to be or by proposing some fresh destination for its next voyage. No! if he is chosen for President, it will be because his record is good enough, circumstances favorable and opportunities are well managed. In the meantime, he cannot afford either to cherish or to flourish any ideas. The strong silent man, who takes the whole wide world for granted except the operation of the ship from day to day, makes the good captain.

Such being the Republican conception of the American ship of state and its commander, the attempt to choose him by popular vote is, of course, an absurdity which converts a presidential campaign into a comedy or a burlesque. A contested election implies a conflict among parties, sections, or interests which differ significantly about the government of the country and the meaning of the candidates. A presidential campaign provides the occasion to express, explore and fight out their differences. Not, however, according to the practice of today. Whenever such differences appear, and some interest or class claims an increase of power or a larger share of the national income or a rearrangement of the administrative machinery, the practical political organization of the country conspires to suppress the intruder. The two national parties coöperate for the purpose of keeping difficult issues out of party politics. If they are allowed to become, by their own impulse, a matter of popular contention, they are in danger of waxing unmanageable. But once they are excluded from national party contest, they are safely neutralized and can be disposed of at leisure by some good, manageable, bi-partisan combination. The lazy and cynical state of mind of the American voter connives at this political revival of the old army game. Of course, the system has its difficulties, which come to a head every four years. It is not as easy to elect a safe machinist as captain as it is to neutralize political and economic issues. A large element of chance enters into the election of a President. For the present, the safest way out is to stage on these occasions a conflict which looks interesting and vital, but which, so far as possible, is carefully prevented from becoming either. Some day, no doubt, a real leader will again appear who will take advantage of this weakness in the system and will capture the popular imagination and dramatize for public opinion a real conflict of interests or principles. In 1928, the soil in which such leaders grow is not prepared. The American people are, to all appearances, destined during the coming year to spend a great deal of time and energy in electing a President who will, above everything else, be the obedient servant of the all-powerful administrative machine of American business.

France's Tariff and America's

A FEW weeks ago, business interests in the United States awoke to the unpleasant fact that France had imposed a new protective tariff, which raised the duties on certain imports from the United States, in some cases as much as four-fold. What was still worse, France had concluded a commercial treaty with Germany on a reciprocal basis, allowing imports of the same classes to enter at much lower rates. This principle of reciprocity she expected to extend to Belgium and other countries. There was, therefore, in prospect the erection of a tariff wall not only around France but around a whole series of important industrial nations, excluding the United States.

Our government, foreseeing the threatened result, had already begun the attempt to negotiate a commercial treaty with the French. On the model of treaties with lesser powers, we proposed that each nation grant the other, automatically and without question or debate, the same commercial treatment accorded by it to "the most favored nation" with which it had dealings. From the official American point of view, this would be a simple solution of the difficulty. It would ensure to our exporters the most favorable duties which might be granted by France to Germans or others. And while technically it would impose a similar obligation on the United States, it would actually require no lowering of American duties to French exporters, since our tariff is uniform and permits no discrimination among the several nations. Since we would not lower duties for others, we should not have to do so for the French.

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France promptly rejected the proposal for such a treaty, saying that what she had in mind was reciprocity of the kind she had negotiated with Germany. She was perfectly willing to lower her tariff against us, applying the minimum rates, provided we would sufficiently lower our tariff against her. The United States replied with a legalistic argument. The administration was not empowered, under law, to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity. Such a treaty would involve discrimination against other nations. As a matter of fact, it was the discrimination of the French practice which was objected to. We had no right, said the note, to object to any specific duty imposed by France—that was a matter of domestic taxation. But we did object to a granting of favors to others which we did not receive. "Most-favored nation" treatment and abolition of commercial inequalities had been advocated by the international economic conference at Geneva.

France very properly answered with an appeal to logic and facts. What the Geneva conference really had in mind, and what France favored, was a general lowering of tariff burdens on trade. The conference encouraged, for this purpose, reciprocity treaties, by which nations could lower the tariffs to each other by a bargaining process. But if a nation, having made such a bargain with another, had to grant the same concessions to all other nations without any concessions in return, the drive toward lower duties would be checked and bargaining power would be lost. And while the American tariff was not discriminatory in form, it was so in practice, since it imposed higher duties on some articles than on others, and thus hit harder the nations which exported principally the products subject to the higher duties. As a matter of fact, France suffered from this type of discrimination, since high American duties had been levied on many of her important luxury exports. French exports to the United States had not grown normally, since the imposition of the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

If a deadlock should result, a tariff war might ensue. In retaliation for the "discriminatory" French duties, this government might, under the law, raise duties against France as much as 50 percent. Or it might even declare an embargo on important exports to France such as cotton or oil. But such measures, even if they could be executed, would be very damaging to us as well as to France. Therefore the government seems to have seized eagerly the way out suggested by France in her latest note. The President of the United States is empowered to reduce specific duties by as much as 50 percent, if a study of the relative costs of production abroad and at home shows that the existing duties are higher than is necessary to equalize costs in this market. France claims that this is the case at present, that many of our duties are actually prohibitory. She proposes a revision downward on the basis of new study of production costs, in return for which she would lower her duties against us by an unspecified amount.

While acceptance of this proposal would temporarily ease the situation, those who have followed the operation of our "flexible" tariff can be none too hopeful that it will work out satisfactorily. Recommendations by the Tariff Commission for increases have been more frequent than recommendations for decreases, and the latter have not been put into effect except in unimportant cases. A study of relative "production costs" is an extremely complex and uncertain matter. It takes a long time. Adequate cost accounting is not practised by the majority of firms. Even if accurate figures exist, and can be obtained by the investigators, other difficulties arise. Production costs are always changing, and the data may be out of date by the time the tariff is adjusted. More important still, production costs vary widely in each country. Shall the least efficient domestic firms be protected against the most efficient foreign ones? If not, where shall the line be drawn? Questions of this sort give room for wide differences of opinion between protectionists and others, even on such a "fact-finding" body as the Tariff Commission is supposed to be. The one hope in this confusion is, that just as the Commission and the President have been given scope to maintain a highly protective policy under the guise of a "scientifically" operated flexible tariff, so, under the same guise, they may make reductions on French products if the pressure to do so is strong enough.

So much for the surface history of the controversy. But much deeper principles are involved.

In the first place, the trade affected by the respective duties is much more important in the case of French exports than in the case of American exports. American sales to France comprised last year 5½ percent of the total American foreign trade, while French sales to the United States comprised 6½ percent of France's foreign trade. What is more important, a very large part of our exports to France consisted of cotton, oil, and other raw materials which are subject only to a nominal duty, while the major part of France's exports to this country consisted of finished manufactured articles subject to high duties.

Exports are, moreover, much more important in French economy at the present time than they are in American. Before the War, France had an annual net income, on the basis of her international balance of trade, services and payments. She imported more goods than she exported, but this deficit was more than made up by invisible credit items, chief among which was the income from her foreign investments. But the War altered her position from that of a creditor to that of a debtor nation. In 1914 her net total of foreign investments was in the neighborhood of 38 billion francs (gold). In recent years she had accumulated a net foreign debt to the extent of over 25 billion

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francs (gold). How can she get along without plunging further and further into debt? How can she pay off her present debt? Obviously only by enlarging her exports and restricting her imports, visible and invisible. If she is to do this, a policy of seeking reduction of tariffs levied by other nations on her exports is essential. It is only natural to accompany this policy by a raising of duties on those articles which she is best equipped to supply for herself.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the French debt, public and private, is owed much more to the United States than to any other nation. In truth, it would be more accurate to say that Europe as a whole owes us money. Therefore, a logical development would be for the important industrial countries of Europe to seek tariff reciprocity and close commercial bonds among each other, as a means of increasing the productive efficiency of all, while striving to bar out imports from the United States, as a means of restricting indebtedness to us.

The final touch is added to this view of the matter, when we note the specific incidence of the new French tariffs. Among the manufactured products which receive the minimum rates are agricultural machinery, tractors, equipment for iron and steel mills, machine tools and the like. These are instruments useful in basic production. Among those products subject to the highest rates (four times as high as applied to Germany and other favored nations) are electrical equipment, heavy and light machinery of many kinds, hardware and other metal products, automobiles, chemicals and textiles. In this connection it is interesting to note that, due to the accession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the post-war reconstruction, the French output of machinery has greatly increased. France has been exporting more machinery and importing less, with the exception of agricultural machinery and automobiles. She is also producing at least as much in the textile industry as before the War. It is important to remember, too, that the French, Belgian and German iron and steel industry constitutes an industrial unit, which has recently been organized as an international cartel. The same is true to a smaller degree of chemicals and other industries.

In these circumstances, it does not take a prophet to foresee that the maintenance of a high protective tariff wall around the United States will powerfully influence the erection of a similar wall round Europe, coincidentally with a breaking down of the walls between European countries themselves. By simultaneously keeping up our tariff and insisting on the payment of war debts, we leave open no other real choice. How long we can successfully cope with the resulting situation will depend on the importance of our manufacturing exports affected. If iron and steel mills, machinery manufacturers, automobile makers and textile mills do not want markets in Europe, all is well. If, in spite of the general economic disadvantage of protection, they can compete with revived and consolidated European exporting industries in other parts of the world, all is well. Or if they can dispose of all their products at home, all is well. But if these and other industries want a world-wide interchange of products, we shall have to look to our tariff.

Mr. Backus and the Wilderness

CANADA and the United States are to meet this week in a conference of unusual interest and importance. It is a session of the International Joint Commission, at Ottawa, to consider the stupendous and breath-taking proposals which have been made by Mr. E. W. Backus of Minneapolis.

Mr. Backus is an old-timer in Minnesota. He is a pioneer in the development of that state, a man of large wealth and unusual personality, who is listened to with deep respect not only in his own community, but across the border in Ontario, as well as in Washington and Ottawa. Among his varied industries is a huge pulp and paper production, and every year he takes a train-load of newspaper publishers on an elaborate jamboree in the north woods, as a result of which—doubtless quite innocently—they are kept eating out of his hand. His present proposal is one connected with the paper industry. He proposes to make drastic changes in the water level throughout a series of lakes and rivers along the Minnesota-Ontario border, over an area of more than 12,000 square miles.

The chief lake involved is Rainy Lake, which is fed by a series of smaller bodies of water, beginning a few miles west of Lake Superior, and flowing west and north. More than 14,000 square miles of forest, river and lake land are included in the Rainy Lake watershed. Rainy Lake in turn flows into Rainy River, through Lake of the Woods and at last into Hudson Bay. This region, both in the United States and Canada, is described by those who have visited it as a fairyland of natural beauty. Its scores of lakes and ponds are dotted with wooded islands; its rivers run in wild rapids through mile after mile of forest. Fourteen Indian reservations are found in the district, and many of the wild tribesmen speak no English and rarely see the face of a white man. The section is filled with wild game, from moose to muskrat, and its rivers are full of fish. More than 3,000,000 acres of land in this area (larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island) have been set aside by the United States and Canada for public purposes. The more accessible of its lakes are beginning to be fringed with summer cottages, and every year, new thousands of tourists find pleasure in contact with this savage wilderness whose edge is only overnight from Chicago by sleeping car.

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For purposes which have never been very clearly stated, Mr. Backus proposes to construct a series of dams on various lakes and rivers in this chain. One alleged reason is that it will "improve navigation," though how this can follow the construction of dams without locks is not apparent. Another reason is for the development of hydro-electric power. Several dams have already been built in this region by Mr. Backus, and the water level somewhat raised already on some of the streams and bodies. What the International Joint Commission will consider at its present meeting is whether Mr. Backus' additional dams are desirable, and whether any harm will be done by the new water level he proposes to create throughout four-fifths of a region one hundred and twenty miles square.

Surprising as it may (or may not) seem, many individuals and organizations, on both sides of the border, are fighting Mr. Backus with all their might. Since Minnesota is thickly populated and Ontario is not, most of the organized protest has come from south of the border. Bodies included are the Minnesota American Legion, the Izaak Walton League and the Arrowhead Association (of those concerned with tourist traffic). Those who oppose Mr. Backus say that to let him have his way would be a calamity, for these among other reasons:

1. The property of many individuals would be gravely damaged by raising the water level; and judging by the experience of those whose land was hurt by the installation of other dams, in this region and elsewhere, there is little likelihood that they will ever be adequately reimbursed.

2. The dams would not mitigate the danger of floods as is claimed, but augment it, by raising the level to such a height that, in case of heavy rains or melting snows, the waters could not be held back.

3. The new high level would inundate existing beaches, submerge many islands, kill timber in a strip around the shores hundreds of miles in length, would wipe out the many beautiful rapids and small waterfalls. The standing dead timber would create a grave fire menace. State experts have testified that serious damage would be done to wild animal life, and the use of waters by fish. Since the flow of water over the dams would, of course, be regulated for the purposes of the power plants downstream, the lakes might be flooded at one time or drained at another, all to suit the convenience of the plant owner. The same fact would hamper the navigation by which Mr. Backus sets so much store, although there is little traffic in the region which cannot be served perfectly well by canoe. The proposed dams would actually change the course of some rivers, leaving several lakes permanently dry, or dependent on their own inadequate tributaries.

If these charges are correct, it is obvious that the Backus proposal is as deleterious to Canada as to the United States, since the country involved lies on both sides of the boundary. That this is the case was indicated at a hearing in 1925 on a proposal by Mr. Backus which was of the same character, but not so extensive. Two hundred delegates appeared at this meeting to protest, and only Mr. Backus and his allies to support. Those in opposition included representatives of the State of Minnesota, the Province of Manitoba, the City of Winnipeg, several towns in the district affected, the Izaak Walton League, the Arrowhead Association, and farmers and others living in the region. While the same proportions are likely to be seen at the present meeting, what the outcome will be it is impossible to predict. Mr. Backus is a powerful man, with powerful friends. Associated with him in this enterprise is another man equally influential —William F. Brooks, National Republican Committeeman from Minnesota and intimate friend of Secretary Kellogg. The proposed action would, however, presumably require a treaty between the two countries fixing the water-level along the boundary. It is safe to predict that such a treaty would have hard sledding in the American Senate.

The whole incident furnishes an excellent example in support of the case for power development under governmental as opposed to private auspices. Mr. Backus' scheme might be for the best interest of the region; but if this were the case, it would be purely accidental. His purpose and his only purpose is to make as much money as he can, by selling electric power, and manufacturing pulp and paper. A wise social policy would place dams at points where they would ultimately be of most benefit to the region as a whole; it would weigh the advantages of power production against a low water level which would decrease the danger of flood; it would consider the economic value of an industrial development which at best must be comparatively small, against a tourist traffic which already amounts to many millions of dollars annually on both sides of the border, and, if the region is left in its present condition, will presently be worth many millions more. It is certainly not too much to expect that the American and Canadian authorities will at least take all these factors into consideration, in considering Mr. Backus' proposals.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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So This Is America!

WHEN Pennsylvania state troopers, hurling tear-gas bombs and swinging bloody maces against human flesh and bone, rode into a crowd of 1,500 striking miners and their wives and children at a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting in an orchard near Cheswick, Pennsylvania, on August 22, over 200 persons were injured. Later in the day, a trooper, swaggering down a public highway near by, taking licks with his club at anyone who came in reach, struck one man too many. Clubbed across the knees and then cracked over the head as he doubled up with pain, the man, who is unknown in that section, became infuriated, drew a pistol, killed the trooper and escaped.

The newspapers of Pittsburgh, near by, and through them the Associated Press and other news agencies, spread the story of the trooper's death, playing it to the limit. The trooper had given his life heroically, trying to "quell a Sacco riot," they said. They did not mention that scores of men, women and children had previously been injured as they fled over the countryside in mad efforts to escape, bleeding from policemen's blows and half-blinded by poison gas. (Those who were too seriously injured were thrown into trucks and hauled away.) Possibly space was "tight" that day, and the newspapers didn't have room for this minor angle of the story. So I will tell it for them. I used to be a newspaper man myself, and I don't mind helping the boys out a bit. (An exception must be noted in the case of the Post-Gazette, the Paul Block paper, which printed a fair story of the attack.)

I sat in a dingy room where a woman, with delicate features, fine, heavy hair and a face ghastly, waxen white, lay dying from the injury she received that day—slowly bleeding to death. Her husband, a miner, and their four children crowded the room. She told me her story. I talked with many others in the little mine towns around Cheswick—old women who were cursed and assaulted, young women and children who were beaten or gassed or ridden down by horsemen. I talked with a number of the men who were arrested as they fled, and were later held under heavy bail for "refusing to disperse."

Mrs. Mary Gates, a grandmother whose menfolks have always worked in the mines, and who lives at Harmarville, Pennsylvania, told me:

"I arrived at the park about eleven o'clock. I was there when the chairman began to talk. When he began to talk about Sacco and Vanzetti, a state trooper spoke up and said: 'There will be no meeting today.' A man in the crowd called out: 'Why can't we have a meeting? Is this what you call liberty?' Another raised an American flag and called out: 'We fought in the War and we have a right to meet under this flag. It gives us liberty!'

"A state trooper grabbed the flag away from him and pointed to his belt of cartridges and pistol and said: 'This is your liberty! I am your liberty!' He took the flag and stuck it under his arms all wadded up. The pole dragged on the ground."

There followed a conversation on the speakers' platform. Mrs. Gates could not hear it. A trooper raised his pistol and fired three times. The troopers on the outskirts, who had been gradually forcing the crowd into a closer mass, hurled tear-gas bombs and charged.

Mrs. Gates was knocked down, and another woman, a neighbor, who tried to pick her up and drag her to safety, was struck in the back by an officer's club and injured internally.

Mrs. C. H. Hampson, of Harmarville, who is sixty-one years old, the wife of a miner and the mother of seventeen children, several of whom are miners, told me the following story:

"I was sitting on the front porch of my own house, which is near the orchard where the picnic was held. I was first attracted by hand-clapping in the park. I called to my daughter and said: 'Let's go over to the picnic.' Then I heard shouting and people screaming. There was the sound of explosions and a big cloud began to roll across the orchard. I heard more explosions and shooting and screaming, and people began to run in every direction. Then I saw the state troopers running after them, clubbing them and riding their horses into them. Some of the troopers was on foot. One of them was running after a man who had a baby in his arms. The man stumbled and fell and dropped the baby. As the man got on his knees and tried to grab the baby, the trooper hit him over the head with a club, and he didn't move any more while I was looking.

"Now, just a couple of minutes after that happened, seven state troopers came down the street past my porch. As they approached, I got up out of my chair and was about to ask them what the trouble was, when one spoke up and said: 'Don't you move!' I said: 'Why shouldn't I move?' Then one of them struck me across the hips so hard that it paralyzed me all over. Then another trooper spoke up and said: 'Shoot her!' But another one spoke up and said: 'Let the old lady go!' I then got up and limped into the house because my hips were hurting me quite badly. Soon as my husband came home he sent for Dr. McColough."

Mrs. Mildred Hampson, daughter-in-law of Mrs. C. H. Hampson, said:

"I was downstairs getting dressed when I heard mother holler, 'My God, what is going on over

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there?' I came up on the porch and looked over toward the park, where I saw state troopers beating up women and children, firing their revolvers and throwing something, which I later learned was tear-gas bombs.

"Then I saw two state troopers try to force a woman into a yellow truck. The woman would not get in and screamed and cried, so the troopers beat her on the head with their clubs. Then they picked her up and threw her into the truck.

"Then I walked down the road and saw seven state troopers running after two boys. When the troopers came in front of our house, they stopped, and I saw one of them hit mother."

Mrs. William Mitchell, forty-two years old, mother of four children and husband of a miner now on strike, told me:

"I went to the meeting with my little girl. Soon after we was there, the police began to throw bombs and shoot. Their horses would rear up and paw people down and the troopers would hit people with clubs. The women and children was running and screaming, and the gas was all over them like a big cloud. They didn't seem to know which way they was running. The troopers would hit them with clubs, and the blood was all running down people's faces. It was awful. I was running when I saw Mrs. Gates knocked down. She couldn't get up. She is a rather old lady. I thought I better try to drag her away. When I bent over her I was hit in the small of the back with a club and I fell too. I was later taken to the hospital, and later in the night I began to bleed internally. I bled so much that Tuesday a week ago the doctor said I would die. It worried me so much to be in the hospital, away from my husband and children, and they having nobody to care for them, that the doctors at the hospital decided I would be just as well off at home. They say a blood transfusion might save me, but we can't pay for none."

Her little girl, a thin-faced, sharp-eyed child of seven or eight, interrupted the story several times. Once she remarked brightly: "And the troopers would stick their clubs in the mudholes to wash off the blood and then wipe them on the grass!"

While I was in the home of the Mitchells, a neighbor, Mrs. Elizabeth Vilk, came to call on the injured woman. She was at the meeting too. She told me her story. Here it is:

"I went to the meeting with my three children. I thought it was safe, because we had one just like it there on August 12, and nobody bothered us, and it was very peaceful. When the attack started, I saw a policeman run after a woman who had a little child. I couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl. He hit the woman with a club, and she yelled: 'For God's sake, have mercy!' He said: 'Yes, I'll have mercy,' and hit her again. I ran down to where my car was, to get my three little children and try to get them out of that place. When I got near the old barn, I saw a trooper about to throw something. I didn't know what it was until he threw it toward me. It was a gas bomb and, when it exploded, it made me sick and nearly crazy. I fell over on the fender of my car, but got up again and went after my children. I got them over the fence and then I remembered my man was back in the crowd, so I told the oldest girl to take the other two up to the house of a friend near by and I went back. A trooper raised his club to hit me, but I ran under his arm and got away. Then I looked back toward the lane where I had sent my children, and a trooper was riding his horse down it at a gallop, yelling and shooting. There was a hedge along the lane and I couldn't see my children. I thought he had killed them. They had got scared and run in different directions. I didn't find them until late that evening. They had been taken in by some people who lived near there."

"When the policemen threw the bombs and began to hit people with clubs, I started to run," said Emidio Gaspari, miner, of Harwick. "A policeman hit me on the head. It sounded so loud and then I didn't know anything more. My friends say they beat me a whole lot more after I fell. I don't remember, though. When I woke up, I was in the hospital. I was hurt in many places all over, and my left ear-drum was broken and I can't hear any more on that side. I have been sick ever since. I'm not the same any more. They kept me in the hospital until September 6, and then they took me to the county jail in Pittsburgh. They kept me there five days and six nights, and then they let me go. In the hospital and in the jail I never did know where I was, and my wife and children didn't know about me either."

No charges were ever filed against Gaspari.

John Bernabei, a former miner who now has a small business in Cheswick as a notary and real-estate man, has continued his interest in the local union. He has earned the dislike of the mine officials. At ten o'clock in the evening of the day on which the meeting had taken place, he was arrested in his home under the following circumstances:

"When the police pushed the door of our home open, my wife, who has a weak heart, fainted. I tried to get a glass of water for her. I was afraid she would die. They wouldn't let me. I asked them to telephone a doctor, or let me telephone, but they wouldn't. I grabbed the receiver, but they snatched it away from me and hit me. I was afraid my wife would die. They grabbed me, and when my little girl ran up and caught hold of me and said, 'Don't leave me, Daddy,' they grabbed her and threw her half way across the room. My sister-in-law came in and said: 'You are not state police, you are dogs!' They cursed her and they cursed me, and went around the house, tearing up everything. They kept saying, 'You dirty wop sons-of-bitches!' They tore up things in the house and pulled out drawers and dumped things on the floor, but didn't take anything. They made me go to jail.

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When they threw my baby on the floor, it breaked my heart."

Bernabei is held under a bail of $5,000.

"Where is the liberty?" Pete Moretti, a miner of Harwick, asked me. "I leave Italy because I no like the Fascisti. I say I will come to the land of liberty. My brother here, Ercola, fight for this country in the War, and I thought maybe they like me here for that. There is no liberty here. I have done nothing and now I'm in trouble. It would not be so bad if I had done anything. All I did was get beat up and now I am under bail for the trial. If they put me in jail, who will care for my wife and babies? We have no money left. She just come over, and she can't speak English yet."

Steve Kurepa, secretary of the local union of the United Mine Workers of America at Harwick, was another man who has been marked by the bosses. Here is his story:

"I was at the meeting in the orchard. The police waited to one side. They had horses, but stood beside them—not mounted yet—while the last of the crowd was forming in the orchard. Then a sergeant and a lieutenant came up to the speakers' stand. I was in the crowd first, but when they went up to the stand, I went up there too. They ordered the meeting to stop. The chairman turned to the crowd and said that whether the meeting would be held was up to them as citizens of the United States. The crowd called out that they wanted to have a meeting. A man yelled: 'I was in the army in the War. I fought for liberty. We have a right to liberty and free speech!' Then one of the officers on the platform fired his pistol three times and yelled, 'Get on horseback!' A lot of them jumped on their horses and charged while the others threw bombs at the crowd. They exploded and the gas got all around us. It got in our eyes and we couldn't hardly see. The crowd began to run south, while the policemen clubbed them and threw more bombs and rode them down with their horses. Many people, including women and children, were knocked unconscious. They picked them up and threw them into some trucks. I don't know where they hauled them to.

"For half an hour they rode up and down the public highway near by, clubbing and beating up people. They also smashed the windshields of some automobiles which were passing.

"I escaped from the meeting.

"About eleven or twelve o'clock that night, I went to the union hall in Harwick. Joe Ptasienski went with me. I went up to the door, where it was very dark. From the shadow, someone grabbed me and asked if I was Steve Kurepa. I said, 'I'm not.' I said this because I had some of the union's money with me and I was afraid it was a thug who knew I had it. Then he jerked me out in the light, and I saw it was a state trooper. I told him who I was, and tried to explain why I had denied it. But two other troopers appeared, and the three of them beat me up. They called me a 'Dirty, Hunky son-of-a-bitch and agitator'; and beat me until the blood ran all over the front of my best suit.

"The mine bosses say I am a radical. It is because I am chairman of the mine committee, and I try to make them live up to the state laws. When two boys were killed in our mine because the bosses weren't living up to the state law, I went and complained to them about the condition, and told them I would have the state law on them if it was not remedied. The boss said: 'You're a good fellow, all right, Steve, but you are too radical.'

"I guess I'm too radical because I want us to have our rights under the state law. It was some of the bosses in those nice houses up there who sent the state police to arrest me and beat me up. I am held under $3,000 bail for being at the meeting."

Joe Ptasienski, of Harwick, twenty-one-year-old miner on strike, said:

"I was arrested with Steve. They didn't beat me up bad like Steve. They just hit me three or four times. I been working in the mines five years. I was at the meeting. It was the worst thing I ever saw. I saw more than anybody would want to see. I saw women knocked down and bleeding, and crying for help. They were hurt and couldn't get up, and if anybody stopped to help, the police would club them down too. I saw a boy about seven or eight years old ridden down by a horse. His neck was all bloody and they picked him up and threw him in a truck. I don't know where they took him. I am a union miner and a citizen of the United States. I ran and got away from the meeting, but they caught me that night with Steve."

As a result of the incidents related above, twenty-one union miners, most of them with families of from three to six children, are being held under bails ranging from $5,000 down to $500 on charges of "unlawful assembly, rioting and inciting to riot and resisting officers." Their trials will come up shortly. The American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense have interested themselves in their defense, and a well known Pittsburgh lawyer is in charge of the case.

DON BROWN.

Alpine

Man is the wonder. Baffled but undefeated,
He puts his mark however earth may slope.
Landslides plough under him. He is unseated,
Only to grope
Up the same scarps and gullies that betrayed him,
Where rock still moves and struggles against rock;
A slipping foothold is enough to aid him.
Though wild goats mock
His long persistence, and his seed is granted
No ground but granite on the dizziest shelf,
There, where no brighter blossom can be planted,
He plants himself.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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The 1927 British Trade Union Congress

I

FROM the Edinburgh Congress little was expected by the public. It met in circumstances of apathy and depression. No resolutions of outstanding significance were on the agenda. No contests of note were expected for seats on the Trade Union Council. Yet it has proved, in fact, one of the most incisive and important Congresses of recent years. It has had a definite will to register, and it has registered it with emphasis. It has shown a broad unanimity of outlook upon important questions which is noteworthy. There are new paths to be traveled as a result of its deliberations; and the outcome of the journey may well be a landmark in the history of British trade-unionism.

The Congress started with a notable address from its Chairman. Mr. George Hicks, of the Building Trade Unions, is usually regarded as one of the more radical of the trade-union leaders. Certainly he was one of the chief forces in the national strike of 1926, and he has been one of the chief architects of Anglo-Russian comity. Yet the keynote of his address was the desirability of industrial understanding. He met squarely the challenge recently made to trade-unionism by the government. The idea of trade unions as simply organs of hostility to capitalism found little sympathy from him. What he desired was conferences with employers out of which might evolve an epoch of peace in industry. It was noteworthy that he had no use for political intervention, and that he regarded the Baldwin government and its legislation as the main stumbling-block in the path. He seemed to look toward the creation of machinery of joint discussion (and of a permanent kind) between men and employers in different industries, through which there might emerge not merely better understanding and better technique, but also a training ground for Labor in the art of industrial management. The speech was significant, also, because it followed upon a similar utterance from Mr. Citrine, the secretary of the Congress. Mr. Citrine is not only the most outstanding official the Congress has ever had, but a man of singularly perceptive mind. He has a philosophic grasp of the industrial problem rare, indeed, in the history of trade-unionism. When people so different in temperament as Mr. Hicks and Mr. Citrine look in the same direction, the thing is a portent indeed. And if British employers are wise enough to seize the opportunity, big things might well be done.

The fact is that the industrial leadership of British Labor is on the lookout for a positive policy. There are, of course, enormous obstacles in the way. There is, first and foremost, a complete lack of faith in the good will of the government; speakers so different as Mr. Bevin and Mr. Thomas united in their warning that there would be no dealings with Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues. There is, secondly, the widespread and profound sense that the policy of wage-cuts can go no further. Labor will unite to go forward, but it will not pursue a policy of conciliation if capitalism only is to share the gains. And, not least, there is the urgent faith of even the most moderate leaders that the mission of trade-unionism involves a share, at least, in industrial control. Employers who can read the implications of this outlook may render, if they are active, a great service to the future.

II

This is the background in which the events of the Congress must be set. Most important, without doubt, among them was the new policy toward Russia and Communism. By majorities which were literally overwhelming, the Congress decided that it will have no dealings with the minority movement, and that, for the present, at any rate, it will terminate the Joint Committee with the Russian trade unions. These discussions reflect two things. They mean, first of all, that British Labor, for the present, is minded to have no sort of dealings with Communism in its varied forms, and second, that the period in which it was a primary object of the Trade Union Council to find terms of accommodation with Bolshevism has ended. For this change the Russians have themselves only to thank; for, even so recently as the August meeting of the International Federation of Trade Unions, the British delegates were pleading for an understanding with Russia. But the rank and file have grown tired of the persistent effort of the Communists to subvert trade-union discipline; and they, not unnaturally, resent Russian insistence that all trade-union leaders who are not Communists are traitors and fools. This was, indeed, the burden of the fraternal telegram from Russia to the Congress, and it undoubtedly aided the decision. It is, in one sense, a misfortune; for, following on the diplomatic break with Russia, it seems to the outsider an indirect approval of that step. In fact, its roots lie in different and much more impalpable causes, of which the chief is the inability of Moscow to grasp the mind of British trade-unionism. The latter re-

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sents, very humanly, the notion that the world must go to school to Moscow, and, until the outlook of the Soviet government is different, only Mr. Baldwin and Sir William Joynson-Hicks can force Labor into sympathy with its methods. The break is, in a real sense, a tragedy; but, when the record is considered, the patience of British Labor, in the face of intolerable insult and deliberate attempt at subversion, is, in a high degree, remarkable. Only Russia could have destroyed its hold on the imagination of the British worker; and that it has done with amazing stupidity. The Communist leaders need a lesson in elementary psychology.

The break with Russia will, of course, have big consequences. In particular, it will rebuild the broken bridges between English and Western European trade-unionism. It will further strengthen the political position of British Labor, by depriving its enemies of a weapon still potent with the middle classes. But less spectacular decisions must not be overlooked. The Congress placed on record its detestation of the Trade Disputes Act, and its demand for its repeal when a Labor government comes into power. No one who estimates the temper of the debate upon this measure can doubt that this is the main stumbling-block in the path of industrial good will. To the trade unions, it is the symbol of deliberate reaction. It means that Mr. Baldwin's professions are worthless, and that he is the prisoner of the enemies of trade-unionism. Bitter, too, was the resentment at the temporary farewell to the Congress uttered by the Civil Service Trade Unions. The Congress clearly will insist upon the repeal of this measure. Nor will any Labor government last in the forefront of whose policy there is not (1) a new and drastic factory bill, (2) the reënactment of the seven-hour day in the mines and their purchase by the state, and (3) the ratification of the forty-eight-hour week.

Certain other problems arose at the Congress upon which the Council will have to make important decisions. Though procedural difficulties prevented the question being raised from the floor, the future of the non-political unions in the mining industry must be settled. These have made some headway since the stoppage, especially in Nottingham and South Wales. They are amply provided with funds (usually borrowed from the owners); and they are getting preferential treatment from the owners for their members. They represent, of course, a serious challenge to united trade-unionism. A similar problem is raised by the Seamen's Union, over which the egregious Mr. Havelock Wilson presides. This seems to function as an instrument of the owners' policy; and its funds are at the disposal of every effort which combats effective trade-unionism. The Council referred the question to its Disputes Committee; and the issue must be tackled forthwith, unless the Congress wishes to lose its hold over the discipline of the rank and file. For it cannot seek, on the one hand, to promote amalgamation of the already too numerous unions in British industry, and, on the other, permit this fissiparous tendency in the essential industries to go unchecked.

III

We seem, therefore, on the threshold of a period of peace in British industry. Is the policy of the Council likely to succeed? I think it would be unwise to be hopeful. British employers are still flushed with their victory of 1926. They still resent any effective encroachment on their sphere of managerial control. They will not move toward legislation which would convince the trade unions of their good will. Conferences may well take place; here and there, a big employer may wave a discreet olive branch; an occasional Minister may utter benevolent words. But, as soon as one approaches the inner fortresses of the citadel, it becomes increasingly obvious that Labor and Capital do not mean the same thing by industrial peace. To Capital, it means no strikes and an increased output for slightly higher wages. To Labor, it means elevation to the rank of joint adviser on every aspect of industrial policy. The Congress, I agree, was right to make the gesture, if only to show: (1) that it does not believe in fighting for fighting's sake; and (2) that it does not seek its end by a pathetic trust in the myth of Labor success from capitalist misfortune. But an invitation to conference in terms of a constructive theory of trade-union function is, however we wrap up the facts, an invitation to the employers to abdicate their sovereignty. I do not see an industrial Locarno on these terms.

The break with Russia is very serious. To defend the manners of Moscow is not, I think, open to anyone with a sense of self-respect. But it might well have been realized that bad manners are a Bolshevik habit, and that terms of mutual agreement must, some time, be made with Russia. The British decision isolates Russian trade-unionism in Europe. It gives every reactionary government a handle against the Communists, which they are certain to use. It convinces the Russians themselves that their doctrine is true, and it postpones still further the prospect of persuading them to a reasonable compromise. I do not myself believe that this warning to Moscow will affect in any way its conviction that it is eternally right. The Congress ought to have realized that it was dealing with religious fanatics, and discounted the terminology of the faith. The provocation, of course, has been intolerable. But, with a problem as vast as Russia, and with governments like Mr. Baldwin's in office, statesmanship is the ability to bear burdens which one ought not to be asked to carry. The decision of the Congress has been applauded by the enemies of Russia. That alone is ground for suspecting its wisdom.

London. HAROLD J. LASKI.

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Miss Katherine Cornell

The Letter, by Somerset Maugham. Morosco Theater, September 26, 1927.

FOUR seasons ago the town was seeing the dramatization of one of Mr. Somerset Maugham's stories in "Rain"; and the best way to place the new play of his at the Morosco is to say that it was a good thing other hands turned "Rain" into theater. That dramatization had something of the garrulity, exoticism and emotional thickness that the story needed to become good theater, and that "The Letter" needs no less and wholly lacks.

The story of "The Letter" has been so long drifting over to us from London, where it is an old success already, and has been so much in the newspapers since Miss Cornell took it up, that it hardly needs retelling. The curtain rises on a woman in the act of firing all the bullets in her revolver into the body of a man on the floor. The servants rush in, the absent husband, the attorney and a friend are sent for. They arrive. The woman tells a story of assault and self-defense, which her husband and friends believe, but which, as time goes on, her lawyer doubts more and more. She is taken to prison in Singapore, all the foreign colony is on her side, we see her cool, making lace, sticking to her story. Then a letter turns up, one she has written to the dead man the day of the shooting. This letter is in the hands of the Chinese mistress of the man; she and her friends know its value, for it can hang the woman. The price is $10,000. It is bought, with the whole savings of the husband. In the last act the truth comes out, the long-standing love affair, the desertion in favor of the Chinese woman, the wife's confession; the husband will in time forgive her, and she means to devote her life to him. The curtain falls on her desolation and her confession to the lawyer that she still loves with all her heart the man she has killed.

You can easily see what possibilities are in the story, the gentle husband, the woman's infatuation, the oriental elements, the lace making, the long suspense of the trial, the final confession. The directions such a play might take are numberless. What Mr. Somerset Maugham's version does is to follow, at a great distance, the expert trick of well made pieces of the Bernstein order, say "The Thief," though "The Thief" is a far better play. In "The Letter" as it stands, there is a certain limited effectiveness in the development of the dramatic situation and the manipulation of the plot, though nothing to get excited about. Otherwise Mr. Maugham's script is mostly trash.

The dialogue, when it deals with the more usual moments of the scene, is bald and empty, and in the emotional climaxes, rather shockingly trite and futile. The characters remain the mere bare engines of a complicated short-story plot. Nothing is done with most of the possibilities suggested. We have, for example, no idea what connection there is between the woman and her lace making, whether it connects with her thwarted, passionate life or with her coolness and control or her exquisite taste or what? Where every sort of detail might have been contributed to our impression of the dead paramour, throwing light on him, on the woman, on the foreign, complex life around these characters tangled into the drama of "The Letter," nothing is really given us at all, only such thin shreds as might have been ravelled from the original story. Everything else, by way of incident and character too, that builds up "The Letter," is left in the same sterile poverty of texture; everything more or less gets the play along and that is about all; and, at that, the play gets on with but a mild degree of stress and suspense for the audience, and with no credibility, either of a kind of exotic reality built up in the imagination, or a theatrical reality solid in its own way behind the footlights, or a sense of something actual, a piece of real life. And as a case of good, whacking, entertaining rubbish, "The Letter" is not much more successful.

Just what such an actress as Miss Katherine Cornell does to such a play is matter for conjecture. Doubtless the very subtlety of feeling and sincerity of tragedy that she brings to it does it more harm than good, only exposing its barrenness and casual emptiness and obvious tricks, and depriving it of its effective rubbish. The plane of light to which she raises "The Letter" is more than it can bear; and the dignity of Mr. Guthrie McClintic's directing and the lack of what we might call, in one sense, cheap atmospheric tricks and, in another sense, theatrical glamor that he has achieved in the whole production, characterization, stage business and decor—the settings and costumes are wholly matter-of-fact—has only served to impoverish what might have been passable raw head and bloody bones. For producing "The Letter" we need to abandon all sincerity or good faith and take to raw and dripping collops of flesh, torture and foreign lands.

Which brings us to Miss Cornell. The other performances in "The Letter," Mr. J. W. Austin's Crosbie, the husband, Mr. Allan Jeayes' attorney, Mr. James Vincent's Chinese secretary, will do, if you like; they appear competent, if somewhat defeated by their lines, but the only performance of any importance is Miss Cornell's.

Miss Katherine Cornell must be one of the two or three most interesting actresses in America now. People remember her Candida, her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement," in "Casanova"; nobody else could have played them quite as she did, with that distinction of approach of hers, and her vividness of presence, dramatic security, admirable diction, and peculiar, tense beauty of method. Then at last came "The Green Hat," and two seasons of it.

The novel by Mr. Arlen is a facile book, belonging to a day, and a day of jaded senses, poor taste and trick methods at that. The play fell back on safe old stage formulas, and made up a reeking hodge-podge of sex, self-sacrifice, Hispano-Suiza snobberies and sentimental *clichés*. Even in that Miss Cornell managed to mean something. But that second season in it looked less well. The stage is the stage, of course, with all its uncertainties, scramble for vehicles, needs for money and fears of losing one's position and following, and we should make allowances. But a second season in "The Green Hat" can only leave Miss Katherine Cornell promising herself things worthy of her. She has a following who will go with her into

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any venture, and if fine plays will cut off some of it, the future arising for her from such enterprises will only widen her possible splendor. She is moving toward her prime as a woman, she grows more and more effective as a brilliant theatrical presence as she moves on the stage, and more telling as an instrument by which feeling and excitement may be conveyed.

She brings now to this part in "The Letter" echoes of things that, though they are possible to the situation and the character in the play, are by no means stated or even implied, and are plainly out of the dramatist's reach; and she has grown in power so greatly as to persuade us almost that the time in "The Green Hat" may not have been wasted. And this is all the more reason why she needs to take the risk, whatever risk there might be, of plays that would answer her more truly, and that would supply, for all these fine implications that she can create, a better basis of thought and form and a richer dramatic substance.

STARK YOUNG.

Mid-American Reflections

THE people who travel over the continent and come back with the report that American cities are all alike are, I have come to think, insensitive to the physiognomy of cities—as white people often are to the looks of other races. Doubtless one finds differences if one looks for differences, and similarities if one looks for similarities; but this is true anywhere: I remember looking around a big vaudeville house in Geneva and saying: What a queer assortment of faces: this might be Brooklyn! The point is that American cities have individuality enough, even in their deformities and their ugliness. Take Gary, for instance: anyone who has looked intently at Gary and had a glimpse of its plan will feel the ugly drama of the steel industry reach to the bottom of his spine like a stiletto. I daresay the drummer sees no difference between Gary and, say, Newark; but what other American city has a great steel works, on the banks of a lake, encircled and defensively protected by a canal, with the administration building placed in the center, behind the gates in such a way as to command the principal avenue of the town? The steel magnates may have done it all unconsciously; but there it is: an artillery engineer could not have worked out a better defense. It goes the Napoleonic boulevard one better for breaking up riots, since it calls into service, for quite legitimate industrial needs, incidentally, a medieval moat or canal! No individuality, indeed! No historical background! A long history of brutality and bad management and social ineptitude lies behind the plan of Gary; the rigorous plan of the works and the haphazard growth of the rest of the town, in response to land speculation, is as much part of that individuality as anything else.

Almost every big city has its great moving picture houses: but in Chicago they have developed into vast communal institutions, like the Roman baths. When one of them is erected, a neighborhood is transformed: hotels and bazaars begin to cluster around it, and it becomes, in a functional sense, a civic center. The architecture of these great palaces, like the oriental, is so puffed up, dazzling, and vulgar that it can scarcely be described; it leaves one with the impression of a labyrinthine dream that escapes mere daylight re-telling. Balaban and Katz, the moving spirits behind the chain of the showiest houses, have become a sort of by-word in Chicago: it was they who introduced the notion of training their ushers with West Point discipline, putting the fear of the gods and graft into their souls, and giving to each patron, by an excess of military punctilio and servility, the sensation of being a temporary Caliph in a very despotic Eastern empire. One leaves the dank, smokened streets of Chicago and finds oneself in a fairyland of pure caprice, faced by a stage in which a vast orchestra is wafted from front to rear, as in a dream, in which dancing girls and music and colored balloons follow each other as they might in the Arabian Nights. Here is compensation for the drudgery of the stenographer's pad and the stiff and steady discipline of the office: here heaven is on tap seven days in the week: here impotence becomes power and blankness beauty. But what power: what beauty! The decorations in these theaters reminds one of Chekhov's description of a Moscow slum: "This was not lack of taste, but something that might be called the taste and even the style of S. street, which could not be found elsewhere—something intentional in its ugliness, not accidental, but elaborated in the course of years." From a social standpoint, I remarked to a Chicago friend, these theaters are the Cathedrals of the Industrial Age. "Well, not exactly that," he said. "This is where the bookkeepers and stenographers and mechanics get their idea of Heaven." Precisely, I said: what do you suppose they got in a medieval cathedral?

The vitality of Chicago is much more of a reality than I suspected. I have seen department-store clerks simply jouncing with suppressed energy, like a standing motor with the engine running: beside this, the pallid languor of New York, the tired, defensively gay faces of a Fifth Avenue crowd are a sad contrast. Such differences have, perhaps, some local climatic basis; but the air of Chicago is far more depressing than that of New York, and the water, because of its chlorine treatment, is little better than a disagreeable mouth-wash; and on the whole I am inclined to think that Chicago's energy has another reason for existence. Chicago has no subways! Once the greater part of the population is pummeled night and morning in underground cattle-cars, in the fashion of New York, I shall be surprised if there is any energy left. Chicago, alas! despite the fact that it could undoubtedly solve its transportation difficulties by surface carriage, provided that this was accompanied by intelligent zoning, districting, height regulation, and street planning, has decided to go in for subways. The truth is, Chicago would like a little more congestion. It has achieved this with great adroitness in the Loop, and it wants to spread the benefits of congestion to other parts of its overgrown carcass. Motors now swoop along Michigan Avenue and other boulevards at a rate that seems to the New Yorker a little less than mad; but, given time for the subways and the big apartment-house investors to catch up with the situation, one can guarantee that the

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traffic will be reduced to the crippled, valetudinarian pace of Fifth Avenue. What possibilities for genuine city planning! Yet the breed that could conceive these great lake drives and parks and playgrounds, the old boulevard system of the eighties, and the new ones of this century, somehow refuse to face in imagination the inevitable results of their muddled building and inappropriate site uses; and they still plan subways, to "relieve congestion," which will in fact make it inhuman and thoroughly unendurable! A great part of Chicago will be rebuilt during the next twenty years; fortunately, being obsolete, it will have to be rebuilt. I regret to think that no steps are being taken to ensure that the new will be any better than the old. Chicago is so impressed, in a childish way, by the grandeur of Burnham's avenues and drives, that it pays no attention to the sort of growth which is taking place along these avenues and filling up the spaces between.

Grand Rapids in January and June is a sort of Nizhni Novgorod; for ten months it is a sober industrial town, with a helter-skelter factory district, surrounded by tree-lined streets and wooden houses that recall, in many ways, the better sort of New England town. In January, the workshop becomes a carnival of business; furniture buyers and manufacturers throng in from all parts of the country, the first to buy, the second to exhibit at the same time as the Grand Rapids manufacturer: the hotels, which are remarkable for their commodiousness at other times, become jammed and naturally go up sharply in prices: the office buildings fling barriers across their entrance to admit by ticket to their exhibits only *bona fide* buyers, and, if possible, to keep rival manufacturers, particularly out-of-town ones, from seeing their lines. Some of the manufacturers introduce elaborate restaurant services, bands, and other devices of salesmanship at the factories themselves; the buyer gets all the convivialities of entertainment that a provincial city can offer, and, no doubt, a few that are not on the regular bill of entertainment. It is an august and playful institution; one wishes that the secrecy, the energy, and the lavishness of the exhibit were justified by the sort of furniture that competes for interest. But alas! no: one manufacturer strives to "outjazz" another: but what he means by this is an attempt to spoil decent walnut veneer with very badly painted flowers, or to originate some delicious confection, like "Pompeian" furniture, with fake marble slabs for table-tops, styles that would make even Hollywood blush. There is a little sound machined furniture being produced in Grand Rapids; but much of it is marred by fake handicraft, by mechanical carving which is inferior to the plain surface, and by a general lack of frankness in dealing with the material and the problem. Grand Rapids probably owes its lead in furniture-making to the Dutch; they abound in Michigan, and, for some reason or other, are now among the ablest craftsmen in wood that Europe produces, as their furniture in the Paris Exposition of Decorative Arts in 1925 showed. But the Michigan forest, which supplied the original wood, has been cut over and burnt; and the Dutch, despite their evangelical zealotry, are being Americanized in the second and third generation; and without the American wood and the European skill, without a technical school and without a furniture museum, Grand Rapids' eminence is doomed. Copying antiques and creating ridiculous fashions are not a sufficient basis for an essentially stable industry like furniture-making; and, so far as I could find, there is nothing else in Grand Rapids.

Were I a Grand Rapids millionaire, I should endow a museum with a special wing for the exhibition, each year, of the best work in a logical modern style, along with a special chamber of horrors for the display of the season's worst showing in bastardry and affectation. One would probably have to retire from business before one could do this, and one's sons and daughters might not find it possible to mate with other lines of furniture; but the institution would be worth the sacrifice.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Merry-Merry

ONE remembers the dancing in "A La Carte," the comedians of "Allez Oop!" the general high spirits in "Rang Tang." "Manhattan Mary" meant beauty and Ed Wynn; "The Manhatters," wistful thoughts of the flea circus on the other side of Forty-second Street; "Good News," almost anything pleasant.

At the outset, shed a tear for "A La Carte," kicking its last before these lines shall see print. For itself, any review must now be a Letter That Came Too Late, but those concerned with it survive to take their credit: George Kelly, who wrote its sketches; Bobbe Arnst, the baby Gertrude Lawrence, who might well return any borrowed mannerisms and set up for herself; Rose King, a lovely female low comedian who suggests Ed Wynn in skirts; Little Billy, a condensed but unexpurgated dancer and singer of songs who, in his minute dress suit, makes giantesses of his attendant chorines; and finally, the dancers, for this was one of the finest of all dancing shows. And of the dancers it is most desired to mention Simeon Karavaeff and Harriet Hoctor: Karavaeff as possessor of the most extraordinary agility likely to be observed in these parts (he can squat down and perform the Russian peasant steps as a clog-dance, or on his toe-tips), and Miss Hoctor as a possible supreme ballerina in the making. No physical gifts have been denied her, and in particular her balance is of such perfection that she can perform, with the effect of a slow-motion picture, evolutions which for others require high speed; can freeze midway into the motionless statue of motion. There is ground for hope that to her technique will be added all else necessary to make a great artist, and that Ziegfeld, under whom for a term she is to work exclusively, will allow her such scope as she will need.

"Allez Oop!" has sketches by J. P. McEvoy, some of them left-overs from that cornucopia of wit, "The Comic Supplement"; ranging from the general lassitude of a burlesque on Roxy's Gang to a fabulous address to the jury delivered by Charles Butterworth as attorney for "this murd—, I should say, this innocent boy"—and to a nasty little satire, "The Spirit of Christmas," which needs only W. C. Fields' services. This is not a beautiful show, the chorus is badly drilled, the dancing ordinary, save for

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that of Valodia Vestoff, while the latter, for the most part, is assigned to tasteless nonsense unworthy of description. The evening is one of fair entertainment by virtue of McEvoy, of the preoccupied clown Butterworth, of the Keller Sisters and Lynch (a vocal trio lately seen in "Lucky"); and of two zanies called Herman and Seamon, of whom one unmercifully walks and loiters on the face (perhaps for this reason strangely resembling Jim Tully's) of the other.

"Rang Tang," survivor of the season's first two colored shows, is another fair evening's entertainment, which takes the good old team of Miller and Lyles by aeroplane from their Jimtown creditors to regal state in Africa. It is worth something to hear their voices in an inky, beast-infested jungle: "Sam, leggo ma coat!" "Ah ain't got hold yo' coat." . . . *"Sam, Sam, don't* say you ain't got hol' ma coat!" In "Rang Tang" there may also be seen the capital buck-and-wing dancers, Bryson and Jones, several striking figures out of Lulu Belle, such as Evelyn Preer, Josephine Hall, and Zaidee Jackson, the doubly golden grin of Joe Willis, a magnificent six-footer named Daniel Haynes with a bass that fits his appearance, and most chiefly that fair singer, good tap-dancer, born-to-the-purple, bred-in-the-bone, works-while-she-sleeps comedian, the plump May Barnes. All this sounds like more than "Rang Tang" amounts to; too often it drags. It needs nothing from its cast, but its writer has held out on it.

At some time or other the mantle of Master of the New York Manner passed from Florenz Ziegfeld to George White, whose productions are far more clearly the descendants of the old Follies than are the new ones. This fact is in the air from the moment when the rising curtain discloses to the spectators the night scene on Times Square, whence they have just entered the theater. It is not Manhattan impersonal and unalloyed, of course. For example, a George White production, by virtue of White's wholly personal taste, involves the strange costume designs, the unmistakable drops in black and night-sky blue patterned in diamonds, which the obsessed mind of Erté spreads in miniature over covers of Harper's Bazaar. Again, were the great ovoid body, the placid perplexed spectacles, and the tiny hat of Ed Wynn all to be submerged in the metropolitan conventions, his delicate decadent Alan Odle hands would yet flutter over the surface, alien to the last. This is, nevertheless, overwhelmingly the New York show, with all that the term connotes: the tallest, slenderest and most contemptuous showgirls, strings of well matched "mediums," furs, silks, jewels, smart, locally allusive comedy, and fast stepping. In this hoofing, the most prominent figure is that of Harland Dixon, whose totally independent pair of legs might, were they old enough, have suggested Gelett Burgess's lines:

> My feet! they haul me round the house,
> They hoist me up the stairs.
> I only have to steer them, and
> They ride me everywheres.

There should be better shows than "Manhattan Mary" this season, but not enough to go around.

"The Manhatters" is founded upon the idea of a rubberneck ride through this island. The thinly clever inspirations by which the idea is developed are butchered by amateurish presentation. Two vivid impressions were received by the reviewer in the course of the evening, but these were, first, of the offensiveness of Mr. Ben Bernie's humorous efforts at the expense of his musicians, and second, of the embarrassing failure of the leading lady's desperate attempts to be funny, dancing on a tomb.

"Good News," though it has the flavor of a revue, is a musical comedy with a good standard, varsity plot. The plot, of course, may be waved aside, leaving the one show covered by these notes which can be recommended to practically anyone whatever. University men are not excepted: the efforts of the cast to be "collegiate" are no more absurd than those of collegians, and often their absurdities sweetly coincide. Someone concerned must have gone and looked around a college, else there would be no explanation of the appearance of a professor of astronomy, played by Charles Emery, who is the pattern of his breed. "Good News" is fast, its dancing is furious, it is continuously funny, the girls are pretty and prettily costumed, the college settings are right, the numbers are drilled to the limit, George Olsen's band is hot, the casting has been happy, and the enthusiasm is immense. Some of the campus figures are mere strokes of directorial genius: thus, the miraculous Don Tomkins with his round freshman cap, Fair Isle sweater and "bags," and the little co-ed with the big Chicago voice, Zelma O'Neal. These two preposterous brats dancing the Varsity Drag are a page of John Held, Jr., come to life out of College Comics, and these two, moreover, in their individual capacities, help brighten the prospect for Broadway's future amusement in the far-off days after "Good News" closes.

In closing, it must reluctantly be said, that, in these six harbingers of the season, the only first-class tune to be heard is the twelve-year old "St. Louis Blues," as played in "The Manhatters." The best new song in that production, "Nigger Heaven Blues," is being taken out in deference to loud squeals from outraged Harlem. There remains, however, Bernie's orchestra, which is pretty good when the great Ben is not annoying it. In the regretted "A La Carte," there was a good second-water piece called "Baby's Blues," by one Herman Hupfeld. "Rang Tang" is composed, and its very worthy orchestra directed, by Ford Dabney, writer of many good airs (does the reader remember fourteen years back, to the "Castle Half-and-Half"?); but except for some barbaric incidental music and the title-piece, his work in the present case is somewhat conventional. The most interesting musical features of the evening are the song-choruses as harmonized for men's voices, and spirituals arranged by Haynes and Todd. Philip Charig's songs in "Allez Oop!" seem to be the work of a literate musician, expert in the more sophisticated manner of the day, but in this score, at least, without much to say; his "All My Life," however, is a pleasant enough tune. The songs of both "Manhattan Mary" and "Good News" represent the tremendous productive activity of the team and firm of De Silva, Brown and Henderson. Ray

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Henderson, the composer, like Charig, seems repeatedly to come to the edge of something first-rate, and there to rest. He has not crossed over the line here, but, thanks to the superb manner of their presentation, he has possibly scored some moderate hits: in "Manhattan Mary," "Broadway," "The Five-Step" (an intended successor to Henderson's "The Black Bottom"), a curiously constructed sob-song called "Memories," and the title-piece; in "Good News," "The Varsity Drag," "The Best Things In Life," and the title-piece.

ABBE NILES.

A New York Diary

THE DECLINE OF THE DIAL

THE Dial has replied in an editorial this month to a paragraph published in the New Republic last January, on the occasion of the award of the Dial prize. The first part of this paragraph congratulated the Dial on the discrimination it had shown in choosing the recipients of the prize; the latter part called attention to the fact that, without exception, all the prize-winners had already appeared in the Dial during its first year, and that, in general, since that year, 1920, the editors of the Dial had done singularly little to discover or to encourage new American writers. The Dial's editorial characterizes the New Republic's comment as a "catcall." It furthermore misquotes us as having written that "the Dial has not encouraged a single interesting new American writer since 1920." What the New Republic really said was that it was difficult to think of a single such writer whom the Dial had encouraged. It is difficult, but not entirely impossible: there is Hart Crane, for example, who has been well represented in the Dial and who was not, we believe, among its original contributors. But we have not been able to think of anyone else.

Among the distinguished American writers who have emerged during the last seven years, we should include John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway and Lewis Mumford, in prose; in poetry, Louise Bogan, Elinor Wylie, Léonie Adams, Allen Tate, Phelps Putnam and John Crowe Ransom. We have, of course, no real means of knowing whether the editors of the Dial agree with us in considering these writers interesting; but it is certain that many, if not all, of them, who have published books, have had favorable reviews in the Dial by critics who considered them interesting. In any case, they have all submitted manuscripts to the Dial—often among their best—and have had them rejected. Of these writers, only Mumford and Dos Passos have appeared in the Dial at all—Mumford with a single review and Dos Passos with the thinnest scattering of reviews, sketches and poems. As for the others, so far as the Dial is concerned, they might never have appeared in print at all. It seems to us a little disingenuous of the Dial to excuse itself in regard to Hemingway by asserting that "fortunately he has reached a level from which he can kick encouragement downstairs." Hemingway had his first success last season with "The Sun Also Rises": this was, however, by no means the beginning of his literary career; and at the time when he was still unknown but already writing those extraordinary vignettes and short stories which afterwards appeared in "In Our Time," the Dial did nothing to bring him before the public. The Dial, candidly wondering—either with incredible ignorance of contemporary literary history or with the innocence of the cat that ate the canary—what writers both interesting and new the New Republic could have had in mind when it complained of the Dial's indifference, dismisses the notion that we could have meant those "writers we never heard of and shall not hear of until the 'American Caravan' turns them up." We did, in fact, mean, among others, some of the writers who have appeared in the Caravan; but the Dial is very much in error if it supposes that it had never heard of them. The Caravan is now out and the Dial will be able to recognize among its contributors not a few names which it will certainly not be seeing there for the first time, and to which it might have been expected in the past to have shown itself a little more hospitable.

Nor does it seem to us that the Dial has lately been doing very well by some of its original writers. Mr. W. B. Yeats, for example, is probably the Dial's most important contributor, and one often buys it to read him. But, except for a single poem published a month or two ago, Mr. Yeats's recent poetry has been going begging, as far as the Dial is concerned. It has not published in America either the poems which have appeared in the London Mercury nor the poems which have appeared in the Criterion. These manuscripts of a writer who is probably the greatest living English poet have been lying dormant in the files of the literary agents' offices like any unsalable young American of genius.

Mr. Thayer, a few years ago, gave over the editorship of the Dial and appointed in his place Miss Marianne Moore. Miss Moore is a very distinguished person and herself one of those original and important American writers whom the Dial discovered in its first year and to whom it has since appropriately awarded prizes. If we thought that the recent policy of the Dial were something which Miss Moore was responsible for creating, or rather for neglecting to create, we should not make it a subject of controversy. But from all that can be seen by a tolerably assiduous reader of the Dial, the magazine is not a whit different under Miss Moore's editorship from what it was under Mr. Thayer's. The only difference appears to be what is a genuine misfortune for its readers—that, now that Miss Moore has become editor of the Dial, she no longer publishes any poetry in it. In any case, the Dial needs somebody's attention: it is no longer serious. It should play an important role in American journalism—a role which no other magazine can play—and it began by performing this role splendidly. But it is a long time since it has seemed anything more than a random throwing together of literary scraps—some of them queer, some of them insipid and now and then one—but increasingly less often—of exceptional interest.

THE CRUSHING OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

Returning to New York at the end of the summer, one was astounded to find Washington Square completely

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transformed since the spring. The big red houses of the north and west sides had already been gutted of their grandeurs and crammed full of the economized cells of modern apartments, and the sooty peeling fronts of the south side, with their agreeable air of mystery and romance, had already been replaced by fresh arty grays and pinks. The Brevoort had already, as somebody has said, had its face lifted, and looked decidedly worse for the operation. And one had already, in the spring, found whole blocks of familiar shops, delicatessen stores and old saloons snatched away without warning from under one, so as to change the very configuration of the streets. But during the summer, there have been erected on lower Fifth Avenue two monstrous apartment houses—one just south of the Brevoort and the other between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. They loom over the Village like mountains, and they have completely altered its proportions. Their effect is to crush, in Washington Arch and in the row of red façades behind it, whatever they may formerly have possessed of impressiveness and magnificence—the whole Village seems now merely a flat slab for the apartment houses to rest on. Such distinction as still lingered in the Village with the low roofs of the old provincial city has thus been rendered largely vain: one can see nothing but those coarse swollen mounds, blunt, clumsy, bleaching the sunlight with their dismal pale yellow sides and stamping down the old fashionable square and the newer Bohemian world alike.

CORRESPONDENCE

Radicalism and the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

SIR: In your issue for September 28, your correspondent, Mr. Herbert S. Welsh, writes to you as follows:

> I think you did an enormous disservice to the world when you made thousands believe that the charge of radicalism was brought to prejudice the case by the prosecution, aided by Judge Thayer, and never, as far as I know, corrected your error or deliberate misstatement by informing your readers that the defense itself brought out the radical character of its clients, and did this despite the warning of the judge.

This statement represents a misconception, which appears to be quite widespread, as to the part of "radicalism" in the Sacco-Vanzetti prosecution. Anyone interested in a study of the case would consider two questions so far as "radicalism" is concerned.

1. Was the jury prejudiced by the fact that the defendants were "radicals" and "pacifists" and "draft-dodgers," and "communists"? This involves a recollection of conditions existing in 1921 and the probability of such a prejudice, and the probability of its having an influence with the jury, untrained laymen, on the issue of murder, for which alone they were on trial. Why did Judge Thayer warn the lawyer for the defendants against bringing into the case the facts concerning the "radicalism" of the defendants? *It could only be because he feared that the bringing out of these facts would prejudice the jury against the defendants owing to the conditions existing at that time.* This question is wholly independent of whether the district attorney referred to the subject at all on cross-examination or in his speech to the jury. It is likewise independent of whether Judge Thayer, in his charge, made any reference whatever to the subject. It is, of course, wholly independent of the question as to who brought out the facts concerning the economic and political views of the defendants. If the economic and political views of the defendants had any influence upon the jury, that is something which should interest anyone seeking the facts as to the guilt or innocence of the defendants. If it came into the case by radio, by the defendants, by the prosecution, by newspaper articles, by a man running through the court room shouting, or in any other way, it could make no possible difference, so far as an inquiry is concerned, as to whether it *did* influence the jury.

2. The second question which should interest anyone investigating the case is whether the prosecution improperly capitalized the economic and political views of the defendants in an effort to prejudice the jury because of these views and to becloud the single issue of guilt or innocence of murder. There seems to be an idea that there could be no improper use of these views by the prosecution because the defendants themselves first introduced the subject. The point is very simple to a trial lawyer, and it is strange that there should be so much confusion about it.

When the defendants were arrested, they made certain false statements. The prosecution proved that the statements made by defendants, when arrested, were false. If they had made no explanation of these false statements, they would have been in serious danger of conviction because false statements unexplained would have been taken as evidence of guilt of *murder*. The defendants, therefore, explained their false statements and their reasons for making them by testifying concerning their political and economic views and their fear of getting into trouble *because of their radical views*. Proper cross-examination by the prosecution would have been limited to an attempt to prove that the defendants were *not* "radicals"; were *not* "communists"; were *not* "anarchists." Appropriate questions along this line would be, "Sacco, do you not know that you were election district captain for such and such district for so many years? Do you not know perfectly well that you served in the army during the War? Do you not know that you never attended a communist meeting in your life?"

Instead of which, it appears that the district attorney emphasized and capitalized and "rubbed in" the economic and political views of the defendants. He did not seek to show that their views and their fears were different from what they claimed them to be.

The fact that Judge Thayer warned the defendants against introducing evidence concerning their economic or political views can have no possible bearing upon the issue whether he permitted the district attorney to exploit these views rather than to explode them. The question, therefore, is not whether the prosecution first introduced the subject of radicalism. The question is what the prosecution did with the subject after it was necessarily introduced by the defendants. The further question is what Judge Thayer permitted the prosecution to do with the subject after it was so introduced by the defendants. Suppose Sacco had had a sore foot and had come into court with a cane. Suppose the district attorney had seized the cane and hit him over the head. Suppose the presiding judge had permitted the assault. Would it be a sufficient answer to criticism to say that Sacco himself had brought the cane into court?

New York City. EMORY R. BUCKNER.

[The foregoing letter of Mr. Buckner, one of the ablest, fairest and most experienced trial lawyers in the country, sufficiently disposes of Mr. Welsh's accusation against the New Republic of "enormous disservice to the world" and "deliberate misstatement." It exposes correctly the real meaning at the trial of the exploitation of the defendants' radicalism. As to the "warning" of Judge Thayer to the defense, it was in fact an invitation to the defense not to defend. If Sacco and Vanzetti could not tell of their connection with Salsedo, of their fears of deportation and worse, of their efforts to avert these dangers on the evening of their arrest, and the reasons for their lies, then Sacco and Vanzetti

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would have to remain mute and allow the Commonwealth's interpretation to go uncontradicted. Every lawyer will understand what it would have meant if Sacco and Vanzetti had taken the witness-stand and given no explanation of their conduct leading up to arrest and the lies following—for they could have given no explanation without revealing their "radical character." And it ought not to be difficult for an intelligent layman to understand this. So that, in essence, Judge Thayer suggested to the defense to avoid the prejudice of the jury against radicals by confessing, through silence, to the claim of "consciousness of guilt" as murderers.—THE EDITORS.]

What Can Be Done About It?

SIR: Mr. Tucker's article, "Tools of Mussolini in America," in this week's issue, and your previous references to Chiassone, bring to mind the case of Pietro Gandolfo, who is about to be delivered to the same tongs into which Chiassone was placed, and in the same manner.

Gandolfo has resided in Los Angeles for some time, is a barber by trade, has some property, and, so far as anyone knows, the police included, has never committed even a minor offense. The greatest offense he has ever committed is the possession of certain philosophic ideas about the universal brotherhood of man, which he calls anarchism. And that is a capital offense.

But in recent months he has been interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and has plead, as many of us, for a new trial. On August 9 he was arrested. This very significant statement appeared in the Los Angeles Times for August 9: "They [the police] also assert that he is president of the Anti-Fascisti Society of Los Angeles." He was given a summary hearing, later was put out on $1,000 bail, and now is about to be deported. If he is deported, the fate which befell Chiassone will surely befall this innocuous young idealist.

We have truly come to a sorry state in this country. Not only is America no longer a refuge for political and religious refugees (recall the case of the Armenians in 1923), but also we are cooperating with one of the worst modern tyrannies in suppressing every crier for justice and freedom. But what are we going to do about the matter? Merely to protest, even as your pens so valiantly do from time to time, seems to be leading us nowhere! A small minority listens, gets a little stirred up about it, while the herd roams with heads bent and eyes set upon the feed; and all of us are falling deeper and more deeply into the clutches of the powers that caused the "Ominous Execution" of which you wrote last week.

But what are we going to do about it? What methods may we employ to hold on to the normal liberties? How can this country be kept from going the way of all other "great powers"? Can it be kept from so going? Or shall we seek another ship and set our faces toward some other world? *Just* what can we do?

Whittier, California. CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO.

Bishop Lawrence

SIR: In all the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy, it seems to me that nothing is more terrifying than Bishop Lawrence's attitude, as stated in your editorial of August 31. In no country have people been taught to expect wisdom from their political rulers. It is a commonplace that graft is the lever that elevates most of our governors, and even judges, so, although sometimes we get it, we have no reason to expect Christianity in either class. But the bishop of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts who occupies Phillips Brooks's seat?

It is an odd conclusion to be driven to, but one is forced to believe that Bishop Lawrence has never read his New Testament—never got further in the Bible, perhaps, than Judges, Kings and Chronicles. I won't say that even in those bloodthirsty tales he would find justification for his present attitude, for they had a sense of justice, those old savages; but he never could have got far enough in the Bible to have read that Christ was believed to be the friend of publicans and sinners and that he declared he came to seek and to save those who were lost and to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance. How would it do for the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Fund to buy a Bible and send it to Bishop Lawrence, with these and similar passages marked? . . .

Ottawa, Canada. A. L. BROWN.

"Can Income Taxes Be Shifted?"

SIR: In the issue of August 31 your "Political Economist," in his article, "Can Income Taxes Be Shifted?" credits the Research Staff of the National Industrial Conference Board with an achievement of which it has been totally unconscious. He says that "the experts of the Board, after an elaborate investigation, have rejected" the theory that the corporation income tax is or can be shifted. If this were true, how happy we'd be, not only to be found in the good company of Professor Adams and Professor Seligman, but because an exceptionally difficult and arduous job of digging for facts, which everyone else has gracefully avoided, would be over with. The truth is that we have just recently begun this elaborate investigation, and have as yet arrived at no conclusion, nor have we started with any. We wish very much that the question could be settled as easily as your contributor has settled it, but, so far as we have gone, we do not feel that it can be, and I'm very much afraid that it won't be. In order to avoid disappointing those of your readers who have been led to believe that it is settled, it might be well to print this correction.

VIRGIL JORDAN,
New York City. National Industrial Conference Board.

["Political Economist" writes: "It is evident that the economist who writes on behalf of the National Industrial Conference Board is not aware of the statement made in one of its early reports. The 'theory' to which reference was made is that income taxes are generally shifted. The statement to which he objects is a condensation of a quotation from one of the early reports of the board, giving the exact language, and found in the remarks of Congressman William R. Green which appeared in the Congressional Record, February 29, 1924, with the exception that the word 'elaborate' is perhaps an assumption."]

The Greville Diary

SIR: It is in appreciation of Mr. Robert Morss Lovett's discerning review of my edition of Greville's Diary that I add one brief comment on a matter of fact.

It is really not the case that I "excised" the passages personal to Greville which had significance. Here, as elsewhere, what has disappeared is redundant superfluity. In the earlier chapters there will be found a complete picture of Greville's pursuits, ambitions and disappointments, so far as it can be derived from this diary. Numerous passages omitted by Greville's friend and previous editor, Henry Reeve—omitted for obvious reasons—are here inserted for the first time. It may be assumed that whatever Greville had to say for himself has now been made available.

New York City. P. W. WILSON.

A Dinner for Professor Cohen

SIR: Students and friends of Professor Morris Raphael Cohen are tendering a testimonial dinner to him on Saturday, October 15, 1927, at the Hotel Astor, to express appreciation and gratitude for his sharing with them his inspiration in philosophy during his twenty-five years of devoted service as teacher at the College of the City of New York.

Among the guests and speakers will be Chief Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, Dean Roscoe Pound, Alvin Johnson, John Dewey, Dr. John H. Finley and colleagues of Professor Cohen in philosophy. Professor Felix Frankfurter will be toastmaster.

We urge an early response, from those who wish to attend, to 816 Flatiron Building, New York City.

MAX GROSSMAN,
New York City. Executive Secretary of the Committee.

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Conrad

Joseph Conrad, Life and Letters, by G. Jean-Aubry. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 715 pages. $10.

THERE are two themes running through the record of Joseph Conrad, one of life and one of letters, the building of a personality and of an art. These developments are closely intertwined. What stands out above all else in M. Jean-Aubry's biography is the close relation of Conrad's writing to his experience. Many of his stories are highly autobiographical; others, like "Almayer's Folly," are the experience of another character projected upon his imagination. Conrad himself has recorded his conviction that if it had not been for the fascination of this process, the pull upon his creative faculty of the situation of a man whom he saw occasionally on his visits to an obscure river in Borneo, he would never have been a writer. "If I had not got to know Almayer pretty well," he wrote in "A Personal Record," "it is almost certain that there would never have been a line of mine in print." Characters, places, incidents which he knew in his early years became the stuff with which his memory and imagination worked in his later ones. And so highly selective and penetrating was his apprehension of this material that it seems as if, in these early years, he were preparing himself for his later career, determining the fundamental process in his art.

Conrad's biographer is at some disadvantage in giving an account of his life for the reason stated, that Conrad himself has treated its episodes with such energy and color in his fiction. Wisely, M. Jean-Aubry has chosen to enter into no rivalry with his subject, and has limited his biography to simple statement of fact. He tells of Conrad's earliest years, when, as the son of a Polish man of letters who was involved in the revolutionary movement of the sixties, he shared the exile of his family. Apollo Korzeniowski, his wife and the little Konrad were sent from Warsaw to Vologda, then to Tchernikow, where Mme. Korzeniowska died. The father and his little son lived on in Tchernikow until they were allowed to retire to Lemburg and then to Cracow, where Apollo Korzeniowski died. Conrad was left to the care of his mother's relatives, especially his uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski, to whom his earlier letters are written. The family, with some reluctance, acceded to the young Conrad's desire to go to sea, and sent him to Marseilles to learn his trade. Here he became involved in a web of adventure in connection with the Carlist rising in Spain, the persons and incidents of which are woven into "The Arrow of Gold." It was in 1878, when he was twenty-one, that he first stepped on English soil. There followed various voyages, the most notable being those in the "Palestine," which figures as the "Judea" in "Youth," and the "Narcissus," familiar in "The Nigger of the Narcissus." In the "Vidar," which plied between Singapore and the coast of Borneo, Conrad made five or six voyages which gave him material for the series of Malayan tales beginning with "Almayer's Folly." The "Otago" was his first command, and the voyage from Bangkok to Singapore is the basis of "The Shadow Line." In 1889, Conrad obtained an engagement in the Belgian Congo, where at Stanley Falls he met one Klein, who became the Kurtz of "Heart of Darkness." The Congo broke his health. On his next voyage he showed nine chapters of his first manuscript, "Almayer's Folly," to a passenger (oddly enough, not John Galsworthy, who was a passenger on the same ship) and, receiving an encouraging criticism, on his return to London, he finished the story and sent it to Fisher Unwin. There ended Conrad's maritime career and began his authorship.

In these early years, Conrad built his character out of his experience. Mr. Galsworthy records his impression of the variety of adventure which Conrad, then mate of the "Torrens," commanded: "Tales of ships and storms, of Polish revolution, of his youthful Carlist gun-running adventure, of the Malay seas, and the Congo." The sea was Conrad's great teacher; as he says in "The Shadow Line," "it was the only world that counted, and ships, the test of manliness, of temperament, of courage and fidelity —and of love." This test Conrad learned to meet in the great storms which he has described in "Typhoon," and "The Nigger of the Narcissus," the test of the extreme violence of nature; and in a part of the sea which he made his own, the Malay Archipelago, he learned to meet the test of nature's cunning, in the shallows, reefs, narrows, inlets, set like traps and snares for man's discomfiture. There he saw human life in its primitive savagery or the vileness of its decay, matching the cruelty and craft of nature, and he saw human conduct in the relations of the white and brown races, rising to a splendor of loyalty and sacrifice which he admired in Sir Hugh Clifford, and celebrated in "Lord Jim." Conrad emerged from this experience with a stoicism that enabled him to confront his later career, the struggle to support a family on his earnings, which, for a time, were meager, with energy and courage. His letters are full of the accumulating evils of his lot, the illness of his wife and children, his own uncertain health and his poverty; but the note is not plaintive, but rather humorous. He writes to Wells:

> I stick here fighting with disease and creeping imbecility—like a cornered rat, facing fate with a big stick that is sure to descend and crack my skull before many days are over.

Although Conrad arrived late on the field of literary combat, he won immediate recognition, if not from the public, at least from the chiefs. The greater part of his correspondence is with literary men, first of all with John Galsworthy, and R. B. Cunninghame Graham, then with Edward Garnett, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Norman Douglas and others. He wrote them about his own literary work, and he saluted succeeding books of theirs with enthusiastic and yet critical appreciation. His letters furnish a sort of running comment on English fiction during the twenty years from 1900 to 1920, in which the milestones of several careers are marked.

The fact that Conrad, as soon as his own creative activity had put him into correspondence with contemporary craftsmen, showed the qualities of an intelligent and assured critic is another proof of the fact that, during the years of his activity, he was unconsciously maturing his art. Toward his own work he took, from the first, the highest and most definite ground. He knew precisely the object of his effort, as he says in "A Personal Record," to reveal "the manner in which, as in the features and character of a human face, the inner truth is foreshadowed for those who know how to look at their kind." His self-criticism takes chief account of a defect due to his lack of training in craftsmanship. In his longer novels the elaborate machinery of narrative, involving shifts in point of view and other complications, at times impedes the writer and confuses the reader. The short stories usually make their effect of unity by way of atmosphere rather than structure. Conrad recognized this technical limitation

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and its cause, as well as the essential quality of his genius. To Edward Garnett he writes:

> You are right in your criticism of "Outpost." The construction is bad. It is bad because it was a matter of conscious decision, and I have no discrimination —in the artistic sense. Things get themselves written —and you like them. Things get themselves into shape—and they are tolerable. But when *I* want to write—when *I* do consciously try to write or try to construct, then my ignorance has full play and the quality of my miserable and benighted intelligence is disclosed to the scandalized gaze of my literary father.

To the same correspondent he admits the fault in structure of "Lord Jim." "Yes! You've put your finger on the plague spot. The division of the book into two parts." He goes on to criticize the book according to the standard set by his own intention as showing "a want of power. I mean the want of illuminating imagination. I wanted to obtain a sort of lurid light out [of] the very events." Of "The Nigger" he says "I think it has certain qualities of art that make it a thing apart. I tried to get through the veil of details at the essence of life."

For Conrad there were two parts of literary art—expression and technique. The former was a matter of the elements—words and rhythms. He wrote to Sir Hugh Clifford:

> Words, groups of words, words standing alone are symbols of life, have the power in their sound or their aspect to present the very thing you wish to hold up before the mental vision of your readers. The things "as they are" exist in words; therefore words should be handled with care lest the picture, the image of truth abiding in facts, should become distorted—or blurred.

For himself, it was enough to achieve this truth of expression. Much of what he called technique was beyond his reach. He admired it in others, but he was satisfied that it was not the main thing. In his criticism of Henry James he writes:

> Now a literary intelligence would be naturally struck by the wonderful technique, and that is so wonderful in its way that it dominates the bare expression. The more so that the expression is only of delicate shades. He is never in deep gloom or in violent sunshine. But he feels deeply and vividly every delicate shade. We cannot ask for more. Not everyone is a Turgenev.

Conrad's criticism of his contemporaries is colored by a sense of his limitations, which were also his strength. In his own work, nature is the living background. He is most at home on the sea, where his senses bring him the keenest, surest reports of things without, and his consciousness works upon them with greatest power. His best subjects are men and women of primitive instincts. He does not attempt to present a peopled world, a world where individual psychology is complicated by social relations. He looks with a certain wistful admiration at the urbane society and complicated personalities of Henry James, at the socialized environments of Wells and Galsworthy. With the last he had a genuine literary friendship, and the two talents, so different in scope, undoubtedly had a stimulating effect on each other. Of "Fraternity," which was sent him in MS, Conrad wrote characteristically: "The social background of the story is too big for the personages in front and perhaps a little too remote." The theme of the novel is, of course, class feeling, of which Hilary Dallison is the epitome. To the creator of Lord Jim, such a character was almost incomprehensible. He writes in some bewilderment:

> In Hilary there is nothing to be discovered. One asks oneself what that unfortunate creature was afraid of losing. He is shown as having nothing in his possession. I don't speak here of the "captaincy of his soul" . . . but he has no hold on anything in the world. . . . It is complete decadence exposed as never before perhaps. But that is not your object, neither as moralist nor as novelist—is it? It's another evil you are aiming at—or I have missed the theme of the book, which I don't think I have done.

One piece of general advice he gave to Galsworthy which showed his sense of the danger of the latter's temperament and method. "The fact is you want more skepticism at the very foundation of your work. Skepticism, the tonic of minds, the tonic of life, the agent of truth —the way of art and salvation." Skepticism in the form of detachment, disinterestedness, is an artistic virtue of which Conrad possessed an abundance. As a philosophy of life, it is almost the only general idea which we find in the two volumes of reminiscence and criticism. To that ardent social reformer, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, he writes:

> Life knows us not and we do not know life—we don't know even our own thoughts. Half the words we use have no meaning whatever and of the other half each man understands each word after the fashion of his own folly and conceit. Faith is a myth and beliefs shift like mists on the shore: thoughts vanish: words, once pronounced, die: and the memory of yesterday is as shadowy as the hope of tomorrow.

In philosophy, as well as in criticism, Conrad was spontaneously a man of his age.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Prudent Optimism

Natural Laws and Human Hopes, by M. C. Otto. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 97 pages. $.90.

MR. OTTO is preoccupied, in this eloquent and moving little book, with what theologians know as "the problem of evil." In a certain sense, this is an artificial problem. Experience created it as soon as philosophers confronted mankind with the idea that the world is one that was made for us, not one in which we happened, and that the maker was as good as he was powerful. This idea does not correspond to the facts of anybody's experience; but it does correspond to the hopes in everybody's heart, and reconciling facts and hopes has been the task religious philosophers have worked at ever since Plato. It is the classic task of religious philosophy and makes up the body of its tradition. It is the task *par excellence* that the modern religious philosopher has inherited from the past, and it is his task even more peculiarly and intimately than it was his predecessors'. For the philosophic fathers had only the experience of common sense to reconcile to the hopes in which there is no sense at all, but all of life; while modern philosophers must reconcile these hopes also with the highly organized and logically and emotionally coercive experience of science, with its impenetrable material energies and inexorable natural laws. These compel him to invert his problem altogether. Where the philosophic fathers

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asked, "How can evil come to be in a good world made by a good God to satisfy the hopes of man?" the modern philosopher is compelled to ask, "How, in a world indifferent or perhaps even opposed to man, can his hopes have any chance of satisfaction at all?"

It is in this form that Mr. Otto raises the question. For over a score of years the one teacher in a great middle-western university who succeeded in making ultimate questions of philosophy over into living issues for the undergraduate masses, Mr. Otto's courses on man and nature used to be the objectives of attack by Y. M. C. A. secretaries and Bible-school clergy, who set up an iron ring around the academic hill, and more than once were the themes of political flubdub under the capitoline dome. The question thus acquired a personal as well as a professional significance. It became, as every such question properly should be, a fighting issue. Mr. Otto has his heart in it, and his readers cannot fail to have theirs.

His attack is from the standpoint of the tradition. Human hopes are guaranteed, in Kant's terms, by means of God, Freedom, and Immortality. What, asks Mr. Otto, do and can these terms promise us in the light of what we know of nature and her laws? Not, certainly, the guarantee against ultimate defeat in the battle for satisfaction which God is, nor against helplessness which Freedom is, nor against a life-span too short to win in, which is immortality. The absolute guarantees of Kant reduce merely to the statistical probabilities of Otto that goodness may sometimes survive, that freedom of the will is real, that human potentialities do have a fair chance.

It is easy enough to prove that human hopes, so deflated, can be and are realized in the natural world. For nothing is so certain as the fact that, by means of the sciences of man and the sciences of nature, our mastery of the world has increased and certain evils, like disease, and the tyranny of our own emotions have been much mitigated. As for freedom—"the augmentation of freedom resulting from the discoveries of science in the realm of matter," says Mr. Otto, "is so patent that it requires no demonstration." We go to more places, we can choose among more and better good things, and we can, by a wise use of the laws of genetics, even create better human beings. There is a chance even, if the universe should turn out to be more like an organization than an organism, that human action may modify the very form of nature herself, and human hopes attain, before they are finally cut off, to less suffering, more beauty, more happiness, more creative endeavor. Provided, that is, the present-day ideal-makers, the business men, permit it. Mr. Otto seems not to like business or business men.

What, under Mr. Otto's handling, Kant's God, Freedom and Immortality reduce to, then, is an optimism like Candide's when he recognized that the chief duty of man in the best of all possible worlds was to cultivate his own garden. To its logic many exceptions might be taken: the handling of the idea of the freedom of the will, particularly, seems to me to be disingenuous. But that is a point irrelevant to the intent of this little book. The intent is a sober optimism, and it is marked, in Otto, with a certain devoutness. One recognizes that here is a teacher who cares, to whom his problem is not a task in dialectic, but an issue in religion. His little book, indeed, is a religious document, and might well serve as a *vade mecum* for all these disillusioned moderns who think that, because they cannot have all, they must be content to accept nothing. Against the adolescent radicalism of that point of view, Otto offers the prudential liberalism of the adult.

H. M. K.

"A Person with a Pen"

Mornings in Mexico, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 200 pages. $2.

"A PERSON with a pen" he calls himself in the first of these eight essays.

D. H. Lawrence is always a "person." Whatever he may be saying comes from the mind or middle of an acutely sensitive individual; and it is sometimes a pity that he will let his pen record too many sensibilities, not distinguishing, apparently, between the trivial and the significant sensations, between the pettily personal and the deeply personal emotions. His pen is so subject to his moods that it can make a pin-prick read like a lightning bolt. In this latest book, happily enough, pen and person are in more temperate accord.

To anyone who has read "The Plumed Serpent," with its incomparably fine descriptions of Mexican places and characters, especially to one, like myself, who has lived in the very places and known the very characters, it is a disappointment to come upon them again in the first essays of this book, seen now with a tired squint and told about infirmly. Even his parrot and dog, on the early pages, lack life. You cannot hear them stir and breathe as you have heard the stirring and breathing of Lawrence's other birds and beasts. In fact, the first essay is dispiriting to a reader who expects of Lawrence miraculously observant writing about animals, or else, through his intuitive study of them, some arresting revelation of himself. When D. H. writes of persons, you remember little of them but much of the first person, D. H., pared into interesting contradictory parts. He is forever fighting with himself or patting himself on the back, in the guise of this or that man or woman in his books. He puts himself as he is into them instead of taking them as they are into himself. Lesser characters who concern him only as an impersonal observer he will describe in vivider, closer-fitting terms than are at the command of any other writer alive. He cages them securely and labels them correctly in his zoo. But as soon as he goes beyond their animal actions and engages in their motivating thoughts and emotions, he either wrangles his wit into a temper or muddles his nerves into some mystical half-angry ecstasy. If only the unspoilt artist might oftener discipline the spoilt child! Heretofore he has at times been able to exorcise his disturbed spirit and to replace it with the calmer spirit of some natural and easy-going animal. Seldom has he used the intuitive magic of accepting inside himself the spirit of other persons, not infecting it with his own fret. At last, in this book, he has done the trick; he has imbued himself with persons other than himself, as they are rather than as he is—unless D. H. Lawrence be, at heart, himself an Indian.

His title is pardonably misleading. Only the first and weaker half of the book deals with old Mexico, Mexico proper. And into the Indians of old Mexico he for some reason projects his own irritations; he visits his nerves upon them unto the third and fourth generations. He is by turns querulous, timorous, resentful, wistful and superstitious; and so he makes them. In New Mexico, on the contrary, the peak of the volcano has cooled. He is a different mountain. By no means a dead mountain. But a mountain aware rather of growth than of destruction.

Read the fifth, sixth and seventh essays in this book and you will know more of the Southwest than you could discover by taking an "Indian Detour." At any rate,

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read them before you see the so-called "dances." Allow Lawrence his discrepancies, his self-contradictions, let him be as inconsistent as Walt Whitman. He tells about a song of a man coming home from the bear-hunt. "The man coming home from the bear-hunt is any man, all men, the bear is any bear, every bear, all bear. There is no individual, isolated experience. . . . The experience is generic, non-individual. It is an experience of the human blood-stream. . . . Hence the strange blind unanimity of the Indian men's voices. The experience is one experience, tribal, of the blood-stream." He tells about the Hopi snake-dance, the Indians' "animistic religion." "There is no oneness, no sympathetic identifying oneself with the rest. The law of isolation is heavy on every creature." Inconsistent as Walt Whitman, yes, but like him, this time, in other ways, too. Lawrence among the Pueblos more nearly escapes the heaviness of the law of isolation than he has ever done; he more sympathetically identifies himself with these Indians of the Southwest than he has ever done with persons of any other race. He is "any Pueblo, every Pueblo, all Pueblo." And the result is as always when Lawrence's passion for life outweighs his intellectual or neurological insistences. He describes Indian ceremonies with a greater degree of essential truth than has been dealt them by any other writer, whether or not that other writer may have been technically more accurate or archeologically better informed.

The Pueblos are reported to have given Lawrence the name, "Lone Wolf." They might well adopt him by some other name. He might prove to be less lonely and less wolfish, more Lawrence and more man. The "person with the pen" has, at any rate, adopted the Pueblos.

WITTER BYNNER.

Portrait of the Author

Demosthenes, by Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 158 pages. $2.50.

THE lives of great men are not more chequered than their posthumous fortunes. Dante condemned Brutus and Cassius to the innermost circle of hell. The eighteenth century applauded them as liberators. Now, since Mommsen, our admiration is all for Cæsar, and his opponents are derided as dull or dishonest politicians blind to the inevitable trend of the times. The old antithesis between absolutist and democrat still persists, and we find it no easier to be impartial about the past than about the present. With life's fitful fever two thousand years behind them, the protagonists of famous conflicts are still not allowed to "sleep well"; the ancient world must still be called in to restore (or is it to disturb?) the balance of the modern.

Of the private life and personal characteristics of Demosthenes we know next to nothing. Unlike Cicero, he is for us a citizen only, not a man. He remains a personification of those political aims in which he spent his life, and posterity's attitude toward them determines its attitude toward him. A beautiful example is furnished by nineteenth century Germany. To Niebuhr, writing in 1804 under the shadow of French invasion, Alexander is Napoleon and Demosthenes his ideal adversary; while German writers after 1870, such as Weidner and Holm, see Demosthenes as the prototype of Gambetta and *la revanche,* and reprove him accordingly. We are, therefore, not wholly unprepared for M. Clemenceau's excited, emphatic book. As he says himself, "No one will expect from me a detailed biography of the Athenian orator any more than he will expect an historical account in the style of the handbooks." For instance, M. Clemenceau does not give us a critical discussion of that dark passage in Demosthenes' life as a result of which the verdict of the Areopagus found him guilty of receiving money from Harpalus, the treasurer of Alexander. He does not attempt to appraise Isocrates' rival policy of conciliation with Philip, as Mr. D. G. Hogarth has done. He does not appear to be worried by the loss of the historians Theopompus and Ephorus and the consequent necessity of relying on the conflicting evidence of orators. No. Edification, not accuracy, is M. Clemenceau's aim; and in his anxiety to point the moral he has not hesitated to adorn, or at least to simplify, the tale. In Philip and Alexander he "willingly sees one of those phenomena of Asiatic improvisation," and arraying idealism and civilization on one side of the struggle and a haphazard lust for conquest on the other, he finds no difficulty in giving his casting vote.

It follows that this book must be regarded as a contribution to ethics or political science rather than to history. It is not a biography proper, but analogous rather to the old lives of the Saints. It does not tell us how a particular man lived, but, in a parable, how to live ourselves. What is hopefully called "the spirit of Locarno" does not breathe in these pages. M. Clemenceau has not changed since Mr. Keynes saw him at Versailles with "one illusion—France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen." Nationalism, Stoicism and the strenuous life—these are the main ingredients of his gospel. Liberty, indeed, is to be prized; but what Burke calls a "manly, moral, regulated liberty," no uncharted freedom. "Life is beautiful by its songs, but there needs to be some endeavor to be sung" . . . "Demosthenes was preëminently the good soldier of the fatherland." . . . "At bottom Demosthenes' art can be summed up in a word: his temperament"—such sentiments as these lead one on to the final words of the book, with their echo of Kipling's "If": "In the full sense of the words, Demosthenes was a man. It is enough. If you consider it well, it is much." And in another passage M. Clemenceau naïvely reminds us that the history of Greece is, after all, no more than a prelude to the history of France: "The Gauls, by the character of their minds better prepared for the access of mental energy that Greece had the greater power to initiate, were awaiting the day when they should know the inspiration of Greek thought."

Like the God of Genesis, we all tend to make mankind in our image. But if M. Clemenceau's Demosthenes strongly resembles his creator, there is much to justify the resemblance. A real similarity both of character and circumstance unites the two lives. It is not only that the *mise-en-scène* is the same: the crafty enemy hatching his plots in peace-time and the solitary patriot crying his prophecies in vain. The resemblance is personal. Like Demosthenes, M. Clemenceau seems to hold his eloquence in disdain, to value speech only in so far as it contains in itself the promise of action. Like Demosthenes, he can claim to be a trenchant spirit in an age of hesitation, the unwearied devotee of a cause whose unique value he has never doubted. But still more conclusive of his classical ancestry is his oft-repeated maxim: "Man does not suffer salvation; he makes it." In other words, events are essentially the outcome of character; and it is the vigorous and intelligent (not the meek) who shall inherit the earth. This moral view of life, embodied in poetry by Sophocles and in history by Thucydides, is equally characteristic of the oratory of Demosthenes. We recall the famous passage of the Philippics: "Is Philip dead? No, he is only ill. Dead or ill, what difference does it make? If anything happens to him, you will promptly make another

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Philip for yourselves." M. Clemenceau has not mistaken his prototype.

A few words must be added on a painful subject. The translator thanks Professor Morize of Harvard University "for guiding him through the more deceptive mazes of the most delightful of languages." From what mazes the Professor saves Mr. Thompson one cannot conjecture; for, after all his rescue work is done, the translation remains one of the worst conceivable. I quote at random two sentences typical of Mr. Thompson's stilted, schoolboy style. "I want to consult the sorrowful catalogue of your grandeurs." "Alas, the time was gone when in indescribable days a preëminent Athens turned back the Great King." It is all like that. The next time Mr. Thompson attempts a translation, he should call in a Professor of English as well.

SYLVESTER GATES.

Race and a Poet

Copper Sun, by Countee Cullen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 89 pages. $2.

BETWEEN "Color" and "Copper Sun," Countee Cullen has grown two years older. He has not, however, come any nearer to a realization of the constituents of his talent nor their proper combinations. His poetry begins and ends in an epithet skill. It is not difficult to find Mr. Cullen's error. He has borrowed the temperament of his poems. His interpretations and manner, his attitude of mind, are drawn, not from the evidences of his personal and intimate life, but from a tradition entirely literary, and, by now, anemic. That his own poems do not lack corpuscle is due to the impact of his nativity. Of this nativity Mr. Cullen is only theoretically aware—the titles of his volumes and his poems. He has said that he feels the call of his race, but this call directs his poetic concern toward itself, and that he is unavoidably a Negro. But the mere substitution of black for white or brown for pink does not produce the necessary separate identity. Mr. Cullen has capitalized the fact of race without paying for such capitalization by the exploitation of the material and essence of race. Once race becomes to him more than capital and its poetic form more than the statement of its fact, he will create, upon what are undoubtedly unusual gifts, poems of import. A poet of less original talent, James Weldon Johnson, has, through a recognition of the pertinent attitude, created in "God's Trombones" poems of greater importance than any in Mr. Cullen's two volumes. It took Mr. Johnson a decade to understand and manipulate his problem, which was the poetic personalization of race. Mr. Cullen, however, has drawn from a tradition which has no genuine meaning to his truest experience. He should be thankful that his origins are so near to him. American poets would be glad to give half their lives for the chance to identify themselves with a racehood. The urge toward identification—to defeat the sense of utter separation from their environment—attached American artists to ephemeral and shallow manifestations of American life. Mr. Cullen has everything in his favor save the literary associations which have fastened themselves upon him. He has the initial talent and a nativity which is powerful in his environment. Are his experiences not worth more than the platitudes of English verse, not deserving of more than elementary craft, lines that have no flow one into the other, and epithets that find no *milieu?* The Negro folk has had its poet in Dunbar; will the Negro race produce a Synge?

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

Fiction Notes

Right Off the Map, by C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

IF any mere author could make you seek decency and ensue it, it would be somebody like C. E. Montague. He is a very English writer. You would never mistake his sex: he writes like a man, and not like an old maid or an invalid. At his best, he is almost another Kipling, and at his worst, a competent journalist. In "Right Off the Map," the competent journalist is uppermost. He tells of Porto and Ria, two imaginary countries which enjoy between them the territory of a semi-tropical island, replete with the blessings of nature and every modern convenience. But "business interests" want a war; a subservient press and a willing Church get in step, and the big parade is on. The book is not written as well as Montague could have written it: he is more concerned with totting up his blunt account than with polishing phrases. That account parallels the late unpleasantness with the ironic exactness of one who has been through it with his eyes open. The only "decent" person in the story is the straight, simple-minded soldier of fortune, and he gets strung up in the end, like a crippled rat. It is a bitter, workmanlike book—like an ax-head cutting through a mess of rotten timber. If a few more such tales were told, the next war might be postponed a few years beyond its scheduled appearance.

Zelda Marsh, by Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IN the millennium, when righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and the weaned child is playing on the cockatrice's den, only extraordinarily good and unusual novels will be reviewed in this department. As things are, however, "Zelda Marsh" must be acknowledged as a competent, fairly interesting, not badly written—and, for all we can tell, truthful—account of how a stage-struck girl finally makes Broadway and big time. Her vicissitudes would fill a book—and have. That's about all there is to it. Finally, after she has landed on the pinnacle, and fallen in love with the right man, her first lover shows up, with a bad case of poverty and general worthlessness, complicated with T. B. He makes no claims on her, and has none, but she throws over everything, and takes him to Arizona for his reclining years. On the strength of this adolescent finale, Mr. Norris will have to be credited with a novel that is "above the average," having fobbed off a happy ending, just in time.

Fo' Meals a Day, by Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Manchu Blood, by Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. Wiley belongs to that little band of brothers who write by formula. These two books of his short stories, published on the same day, bear witness to the success of his recipe and to his industry in applying it. Besides his magic formula, he has the knack of wise-cracking, and his dialogue is of that slick and well oiled kind that you may meet with in good vaudeville or in the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Wiley has a further advantage over his fellow craftsmen in being master of two stage-dialects—pidgin English and Negro. The result is that hard-working pair, Jim Sin and Vitus Marsden, alias the Wildcat. Quantity production has its drawbacks, however;

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these stories, while not indistinguishable, yet bear a certain similarity. You might think that the author did well to scatter them through the magazines, and that he would not care to have their sameness sampled in such quick succession. You might think that books like these would be a drug on the market—until you realize that in this market the buyers are all addicts.

I Pronounce Them, by G. A. Studdert Kennedy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

"WOODBINE Willie," as the Rev. Mr. Studdert Kennedy was known in the British Army, has been a great popularizer of religion, and now he has tried his hand at a novel. The unsurprising result is a sermon of the first class, and a novel of the third. It is an examination, or rather an apologia, of Christian Marriage, and in the course of it he manages to review such social problems as the class struggle, the responsibility of wealth, slums, divorce, birth control and so on. Mr. Studdert Kennedy's conclusion, from one with such tolerant by-the-ways, may appear suddenly hard. If your partner in marriage beats, betrays or deserts you, he says, it is your duty never to give him up (or her?—yes, her) until you are forced, by divorce or death; and then you are legally, and even Christianly, entitled to try again. But the nobler character will not try again, but seek to atone, by voluntary suffering, for the sin of the other. The preacher succeeds in convincing you that he is in dead earnest, but in spite of his earnestness, most members of the congregation will find their week-day skepticism unimpaired. And they will not all be members of the medical profession.

Akhnaton, King of Egypt, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

AKHNATON, mystical, gentle, almost effeminate, predecessor of that Tutankhamon whose magnificence has lately come to light, is the subject of this story of ancient Egypt and forgotten heresy. The heretic Pharaoh, who styled himself Son of the Sun, and almost made himself equal with God, is made to bear a more than accidental likeness to the later Messiah. It is a might-have-been that could easily have been made offensive or ridiculous, but the story is told so simply, with such eye-witness piety, that this mystical life and death may seem, even to a modern Christian, less a romance than a suggestion of some almost forgotten legend.

Some People, by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

"SOME People," though handicapped by a perfectly tasteless title, is a good book. It is a cunning blend of actual and imaginary characters, concocted from the notebooks of a keen collector. These human exhibits are presented to us by the author after the fashion of Beerbohm's "Seven Men." But Mr. Nicolson has gone the inimitable Max one better in the arrangement of his book, by the simple device of presenting his victims chronologically, thus running a gathering thread through the collection. At the end he has given us a novel written in the first person and ostensibly about everyone but himself, but the hero emerges unmistakably as we proceed, and although his urbanity forbids him from obtruding himself too bulkily on our attention, we get the benefit of his nicely flavored mockery and shrewd, if not profound, admirations, as he turns the leaves of his album for our amusement.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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WITTER BYNNER is the author of numerous books of poetry, some of which are "The Beloved Stranger," "A Canticle of Pan," and "Pins for Wings."

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW REPUBLIC. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCT. 1, 1927.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Herbert Croly, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1921, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing director, and business manager are:
Publisher, New Republic, Inc. 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y
Editor, Herbert Croly, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Bruce Bliven, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y
Business Manager, Daniel Mebane, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y

2. That the owners are:
New Republic, Inc., 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y
Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock:
Herbert Croly, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contains not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder and security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HERBERT CROLY,
Signature of Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1927. MAURICE A. HAAS, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1928.

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